

HIGH LIVING  
AND  
HIGH LIVES

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WARREN A. CANDLER



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AND  
HIGH LIVES.



# High Living \* \* \* \* \* and \* \* \* \* \* High Lives

BY

WARREN A. CANDLER, D.D., LL.D.

Sometime President of Emory College,  
Oxford, Georgia.

"Our care should not be so much to live long as to live well."—*Seneca*.

"Thy life wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons of earth is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with."—*Carlyle*.

"The life consisteth not in the abundance of things a man hath."—*Jesus*.

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**BY WARREN A. CANDLER, D.D., LL.D.**

## **Dedication.**

THIS WORK OF MY HANDS I DEDICATE TO THE SONS OF MY  
SOUL, THE LOVED AND LOVING "EMORY BOYS"  
WHOM I TAUGHT FROM 1888 TO 1898—  
THE BEST FRIENDS I HAVE IN  
THIS WORLD.





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## A PREFATORY NOTE.

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PROF. H. S. BRADLEY,  
Emory College,  
Oxford, Ga.

MY DEAR STILES: More than once you have suggested to me to print a volume of the addresses which I made to the graduating classes who went out from Emory College during my presidency of the institution. Others have made similar suggestions. It has been thought that it would please and profit "the old boys" to have such a volume—and perhaps help others also.

Well, here is the book, such as it is. I regret that I have not been able to secure the address to the class of 1889. But the rest are all here, together with some memorial addresses of "high lives" which exemplify the principles of "high living," which I tried to inculcate. There are added also a few addresses on higher education, delivered during the Emory period of my life—and one other of a later date—which set forth that type of Christian culture without which I sincerely believe the higher education never can produce the higher living so necessary to the welfare of our own and all lands.

The best days I have lived were those days at Oxford when I did what I could to promote such culture, and one of the highest joys I now have is the fact that so many of the sons of Emory illustrate the high living to which I tried to point them. All round the world to-day they are trying to serve their generation according to the will of God. Some have fallen on sleep, having wrought well.

May we all have a good home-coming when our work is done, and together may we enjoy the highest life and the happiest reunion in our Father's house.

Till then may God bless you and all the dear "old boys" always and in all ways.

Affectionately,

WARREN A. CANDLER.

ATLANTA, GA., May 18, 1901.

PART I.

EXHORTATIONS TO HIGH LIVING.

Choose the best life, and habit will make it pleasant.—*Epictetus*.

To him that lives well, every form of life is good.—*Dr. Johnson, in Rasselas*.

Only those live who do good.—*Tolstoi*.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but while thou livest, live well; how long, how short, permit to heaven.—*Milton*.

Our life is short, but to expand that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.—*Shakespeare*.

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important, whether he chooses to be so or not.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

The smile of God is victory.—*Whittier*.

We should so live and labor in our time that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and that which came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit. This is what we mean by progress.—*Beecher*.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—*Gibbon*.

## I.

“COMING TO THE KINGDOM FOR SUCH A TIME  
AS THIS.”

(1890.)

The historians of the Roman Church tell us of one whom they call St. Filippo Neri, who in the days of the Elizabethan persecutions made his attendants set him in the open air opposite the Papal College, at Rome, that he might observe the faces of the English students, who were to go forth to victory or to death on behalf of their faith in England. With equal interest we look into the faces of you who go out this day from this Christian college to conquer or to die in the nobler contests of the remarkable land and time in which you are appointed to live.

Coming to graduation when you do, and where you do, you have lighted upon a most wonderful era in a great land. As men who have enjoyed advantages for intellectual culture far beyond the large majority of your contemporaries your obligations for high service are proportionately enhanced.

I would this day draw your attention to some of the most notable features of the situation upon which you are entering, if haply in this

impressible hour I may lay upon your hearts a deeper sense of your providential responsibilities.

I have no words of flattery for you, nor would I say anything to inspire within you a spirit of self-importance. The world needs all of you, but it can spare any of you. And it will spare you, and spurn you, if you go out to help the race with an air of conceit or with a spirit of patronage. The world will welcome you, and honor you, and hear you, if you come to its help in a spirit of humble consecration, dedicating without affectation or vainglory all that you are, and all that you have, to the betterment of man and the glory of God.

It is said of Scipio Africanus that he never began any public enterprise of importance without first going to the Capitol and sitting some time alone, receiving, as he claimed, communications from the gods. If upon this day when you commence the life for which you have been preparing here, each of you should go apart to seek in silence the guidance of our God I doubt not that he who called the boy Samuel by name would speak to you in the words of Mordecai to Esther, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

The era of the world in which you are called



to live and labor more than all the periods which have gone before it is an age of great wealth. As careful a man as Mr. Gladstone has estimated that the amount of wealth that could be handed down to posterity, produced during the first 1800 years of the Christian era was equalled by the production of the first fifty years of this century; and that an equal amount was produced in the twenty years from 1850 to 1870. This estimate will not seem extravagant if we remember all that has been done during the present century to increase the productive power of man by mechanical inventions. The power of machinery in Great Britain alone is more than twenty times as great as all the hand-power of all the men and women in the world. The productive power of machinery in the United States is even greater than that vast aggregate of human energy.

Along with this marvelous increase in the productive power of mankind has come also wonderful improvement in means of transportation. No nation is now obliged to devote its energies to unprofitable industries in order that it may live; but each may expend its force upon the production of those things which it can make most easily and abundantly, and then exchange products with its neighbors to the advantage of all parties. Nor can famines now starve and

desolate any lands in Christendom. Until after the middle of the eighteenth century the food of London was for the most part carried on pack-horses. Often the large towns endured famine while the farmers at no great distance could find no markets for their meat and grain. Now the sturdy German despite Prince Bismarck and a protective tariff sends to Chicago for his breakfast bacon, and the Briton may get his bread from the wheat-fields of Minnesota. Every community is not now as in former times compelled to make all it consumes, but each is free to do what it can do best, and with the fruits of its easiest toil may buy whatsoever else it needs from its neighbors who can supply the things required more cheaply. There is a wondrous saving here which the wasteful unbrotherliness of iniquitous tariffs has not been able to check.

Moreover, war, which diverts human activities from useful lines of toil, consumes resources and destroys life, is becoming more infrequent, and promises soon to become one of the lost arts. As one has said, "Communication between nations is becoming so swift and pervasive that it must lead to contact among nations, and contact to conference, and conference to concert and concert to co-operation and co-operation to virtual moral confederation." And then

war must die. Moreover, the expensiveness and the deadliness of modern warfare are fast superannuating it as a method of settling international disputes. The continental powers of Europe are confronted with the alternative of universal destruction if they fight, or of universal bankruptcy if they continue their peace armaments. When the battle of Waterloo was fought the contending forces slew a man by every six hundred shots; in the Russo-Turkish war one man was killed by every sixty shots. A battle between the armies of any civilized countries now would mean almost the annihilation of one or both parties to the conflict. The nations have learned war so well they may now abandon the study, and proceed to the higher branches of human endeavor.

"Down the dark future through long generations

War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then  
cease

And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say:  
'Peace.'

And they shall be liberated to useful toil who have spent their strength for naught and their money for that which is not bread and their labor for that which satisfies not. Thus by the progress of invention, by the improvement of

transportation and the weapons of war, the world is richer than ever before and is constantly growing richer.

Youngest of the great nations, our country has more than any other shared most largely the increased wealth of the race in this golden age. Most of our wealth has come to us during the last twenty-five years. The material progress of the United States from 1870 to 1880 has no parallel in the history of the world. In 1880 our accumulated property was as much as one-fourth of that of all Europe. We have no standing army to support worth speaking of, and everybody is at work under most favorable circumstances. If existing conditions continue, the time is not far off when we will be richer than all Europe and will dominate the commerce of mankind.

And the South, the section we love so well, is getting a fair share of this amazing prosperity. Since 1880 the South has laid by \$1,600,000,000. Her cotton-fields clothe the world, and supply an oil which alarms the olive-growers of the Orient and the lard-packers of the West. Her iron, coal and lime sleep side by side in the same bed, and wake up in the morning and march towards Pennsylvania, spreading before them more terror than the invading forces of

Lee. Earth and sky, sea and land, conspire to do us good. Truly the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. We have a goodly heritage.

Moreover the Scriptures teach us, where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together. Flocks of immigrants from all lands are joining us in our feast of fat things. And once with us they return not whence they came. Their toil must help to augment our gains as well as increase their goods.

To labor in this rich age, in this rich country, in this rich section have you come, and to this end were you born. How will you behave yourselves in the presence of such splendid opportunities and appalling perils? I say perils, for all of the good things we have been considering are not altogether good. They have their danger side.

Great wealth may easily bring us gross materialism. Material prosperity may so far outrun moral and intellectual progress as to give rise to sensualizing and enfeebling influences. Money-making may easily extract every heroic element from the motives of our people. Where labor brings such large rewards some may fall into debasing indolence, while others run to sordid diligence, and others succumb to emasculating luxury. Wealth may be so universally coveted

that dire contentions may arise between its producers, and the divisions of our industrial army may fall to fighting with themselves over the spoils they have taken, and cease to fight the common foes of ignorance and sin which have harassed the race in all ages.

Nay, such will certainly be the case, if we do not set before ourselves some higher ends than material wealth. It belongs peculiarly to men brought up under the influence and instruction of a Christian college to discern these ends, and lead the people to pursue them. To them as to no others it is given to declare that "man shall not live by bread alone," for they have studied as others have not the history of man.

They have learned of Herodotus that "It is a law of nature that faint-hearted men should be the fruit of luxurious countries, and that the same soil should never produce heroes and dainties." Livy has told them that "Avarice and luxury have been the ruin of every great State."

They should point the way to nobler uses for money than selfish luxury and vain display. Hereby they may help to avert perils from our own land and to direct saving forces to other nations. The tools of their scholarship should be like Jonathan's rod at Bethhaven, enlighteners of their own eyes and instruments of deliverance for the people.

They should teach our people how to give good gifts to educational institutions. Here is an art the South sadly needs to learn. After fifty years of useful life Emory College owes of her \$100,000 endowment \$75,000 to a citizen of New York. Thank God there has been recently found among her alumni a veritable son of Issachar who has “understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do.” Solomon was seven years building the temple of the Lord and thirteen in building his own house. This fact the sacred historian has recorded and it is not to the credit of Israel’s wisest king. The future historian of Georgia will record to the everlasting honor of Wm. P. Pattillo, of the class of 1857, that without waiting to be rich, as the word is now understood, he gave \$25,000 to his *Alma Mater* while living in a house which cost not nearly half so much. He has begun a new era in Georgia. Let us see to it that the good work goes on.

Any of us can easily win food, raiment and a comfortable Christian home, and with the kind earth around us and the everlasting heaven above us, there is little more the world can give us. These secured, let us lay the fruits of our toil in the lap of our dear old *Alma Mater*, and so enable her to give to unborn thou-

sands the inestimable blessings of Christian culture. When David ordered the noble and trustful Uriah to go down to his house the magnanimous Hittite refused with these unselfish words, "The ark and Israel and Judah abide in tents, and my lord Joab and the servants of my lord are encamped in the open fields; shall I then go into my house to eat and to drink? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing." In these days when the wealth of the country increases so incalculably every day, and the blessed old college stands unadorned and ill-sustained in the open woods where the fathers placed it, it becomes none of us to go into our houses to eat and drink until its deliverance shall have been accomplished.

Nor can we stop with caring for this interest so dear to all our hearts. The spiritual needs of lands beyond the sea, as well as other institutions of our own land, forbid that we should live in indolence and luxury. For an unparalleled opportunity God has given to us unprecedented wealth. Our own well-being, as well as the well-being of those who need our help, demands of us fidelity in meeting this opportunity. Our wealth is drawing upon us the ends of the earth. Improved methods of transportation make their coming easy and speedy. Two unattended



women have recently gone round the world in less than ninety days. When such things are possible world-wide contagions of good or evil are inevitable. Our day is one of endless hope or remediless despair. We travel toward an hour when our Lord shall be crowned by all nations, and peace shall reign everywhere, or to an hour when He shall be crucified, and lust shall be deified amid the contending cries of a covetous and corrupted world. There must be a new world if there is to be any world at all.

I bless God that the sons of Emory have not been blind or indifferent to the great missionary obligation and opportunities of our times. They are in Brazil and Mexico, and China and Japan. Into the fellowship of apostles and martyrs you enter this day, gentlemen of the class of 1890, as you take your places among the alumni of this honored institution. Be worthy of this holy fellowship. In this day of luxury ask for no more than daily bread until the kingdom of God has come and His will is done on earth as in heaven.

We are told that the auditors of Peter the Hermit used to shout, “It is the will of God that we should deliver the holy sepulchre from barbarians.” As members of an evangelistic nation, who have enjoyed uncommon opportunities for

knowing the truth, and being inspired by it, let your hearts declare "It is the will of God that with our gospel and our wealth we shall rescue the world from sin." It is a conquest within the power of this generation. If the Christians of the world stood up and clasped hands with extended arms they would reach eleven times around the earth. Would that this erring planet, clasped in their warm embrace, were lifted up to God!

The evangelization of the world is not a task beyond the resources or the obligation of Christendom. The delay of its accomplishment is the reproach of our faith and the shame of our Christian profession. It belongs to the consecrated men who go out from Christian colleges to remove this reproach. They are acquainted with the power of Christianity as it has been displayed in the history of nations; they know its healing qualities and its redeeming influences. They can set an example of intelligent devotion to the work of spreading the gospel that will be contagious. They can preach a new crusade and rally all the forces of Christendom to the rescue of the heathen world from the desolation and death of idolatry and superstition. As knights of Christian culture, take your places in the ranks of this pacific and purifying chivalry. Let

compassion and courage combine to move you to take part in this high service for the welfare of man and the glory of God.

Indulge me in one other exhortation: If great intellectual and spiritual enterprises are not undertaken and executed by us with our incalculable wealth, it will be because we have more faith in money than in truth, more love for gold than for God. We are in danger at this point of the worst infidelity—a scepticism which despairs of virtue because it despises righteousness. Commit yourselves therefore unequivocally to the faith, and abide by it, that manhood is worth more than money, and that the greatness of our country consists not in its bursting barns and overflowing storehouses, but that it is great only as it nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings. By the simplicity of your lives and the heroic spirit of your service help to enrich the land with this best wealth—a people who love the right above all else. Such "common people make the real common wealth."

To this end put away from you all vile suggestions of a temporizing expediency, and stand unawed for the right in the presence of wrong though it appear never so powerful. Let the truth so possess you that when you speak to your

contemporaries you shall speak words so uninfluenced by selfishness or weakened by fear, so pure and passionless, that they shall sound in their ears as speech from out the upper world.

And now, my dear boys, I give you the blessing of old Emory and bid you go forth and quit you like men. May Almighty God bless you and make you a blessing.

## II.

### “WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?”

(1891.)

It was a wise saying of Marcus Aurelius that “he who has not one and always the same object in life cannot be one and the same all through his life.”

If, therefore, young gentlemen of the class of 1891, you would live lives worth living, lives consistent and persistent to the end, it behooves you at the outset to ascertain your purposes and fix your resolutions.

With this hour your college days end, and life is before you. “What will you do with it?”

This question does not concern the choice of a profession. Our vocations are not the ends but the instruments of life. We do not live to follow them; we follow them that we may reach some ultimate end, which we have set before ourselves with more or less definiteness of conscious purpose. This ultimate object at which we aim determines the quality of our lives.

That your lives may be of the highest quality, to-day, as I give you the parting admonitions of your *Alma Mater* I exhort you to search the secret places of your souls for the purposes hid-

den there; cast out unworthy and bad aims; revise and purify mixed intentions; set your hearts upon the accomplishment of some noble object, and from this good day of your graduation unfalteringly abide by the choice. Such a resolution formed and cherished will bring you deliverance from many of the trials and temptations which distress and defeat minds of less decision and elevation.

Let me help you this last time I will ever see and speak to you all together, to make a choice worthy of yourselves, worthy of the Christian homes in which you have been brought up and worthy of the Christian college which sends you forth this day with so much of love and hope. I counsel you in the words of Prince Albert, that noblest of modern princes, who was not less royal by nature than by birth, that you "find out God's plan in your generation and fall promptly into your place in that plan." For be you well assured that he who crosses God's plan invokes defeat upon his work and destruction upon his influence. He only can come into the promised inheritance of a rich, victorious life who walks by day under the pillar of cloud and rests by night under the pillar of fire.

And what think you is God's plan for your generation?—where leads the cloud?

God has had but one aim during all the ages of our world's history, but the method of His operation has changed with the progress of the race, according as conditions have changed. The end of the earth is man and the purpose of creation is spirituality. No other end is worthy of a God. To this conclusion we must come, whatever may be the starting-point at which we begin to consider the matter, whether it be from the standpoint of human science or that of divine revelation. Whatever may have been the evolutions of the uncounted ages of the past, there will never be upon the earth a higher creature than man and there will never enter the heavens anything more noble than the spirits of just men made perfect. Throughout the changes of the countless æons behind us, “the whole creation has been groaning and travailing together to reach that consummate work of God, the human soul.” With the creation of man the world's first Sabbath dawned, and with the perfection of man the millennial Sabbath's sunshine will transfigure the planet we call his home. To this end hitherto our Father has worked, and to this end we also must work.

For the accomplishment of this great end most of the generations who have gone before you have not been permitted to toil except mediately and indirectly. Much of their life was spent

toiling for the bread that perisheth. In the deadly struggle for subsistence tribal and national suspicions and strifes were engendered, bloody and destructive contests were waged which at once fed the fires of sin and hindered the hands which would have extinguished them. The striving herdsmen of Abraham and Lot in patriarchal times and the commercial wars of modern States symbolize and express the bitterness and wastefulness of this base warfare for mere things.

But while most of the race in the centuries gone by have been consumed by these unspiritual engagements, many mighty souls in all ages have seen the promise of a great spiritual era afar off, and were persuaded of it and lived for it and obtained a good report as heroes of faith in faithless times.

For your generation a better lot has been provided and a higher ministry has been reserved. You have lived to see the race greatly liberated from the vile bondage of a solely secular toil, and it is now more nearly free for the pursuit of purely spiritual ends, and it is equipped with manifold instrumentalities for spiritual good.

The productive power of man has been multiplied a thousandfold during the latter half of this century. A recent writer of great eminence speaks eloquently concerning this fact when he



declares "Modern science and invention in subjecting mighty forces of nature to human control have made the Anakim our slaves. Here is an army of giants who never hunger and never tire, who never suffer and never complain." It is estimated that one-fourth the race working on half time could maintain the rest of mankind in comfortable living. If a brotherly distribution of our Father's good gifts were made, the strength of more than half the world might be spent in the mental and moral elevation of their fellows.

Along with this marvelous increase of wealth, and multiplication of wealth-producing agencies, the present generation has come into the possession of the most potential enginery for the accomplishment of the intellectual and spiritual enrichment of the species. It would be but idle reiteration of commonplace to remind you how the improvements in the art of printing have increased the power of good men to spread the truth. Was any generation ever so rich as ours in newspapers, magazines and books? In our day a common workman may know more about foreign politics than statesmen of the first rank knew two centuries ago.

Moreover, with the wealth which affords exemption from grinding toil and freedom for intellectual endeavor, with the inventions which

bring to our hands instruments well-nigh omnipotent for moral conquests, have come to us such liberty of action and opportunity for service as no previous generation has enjoyed.

In Babylon and Nineveh, in Egypt, in Greece and Rome, in all Europe during the feudal era, and even much later, there were not only no such stimulations to mental and moral life as our times afford; but there were next to no opportunities for such activities. Now we have no checks to the liberty of individual action, except such as are indispensable to social order. Every member of society is free to use his fullest strength and all his faculties in the propagation of the principles he counts most dear.

Again, never before in the history of the world did high and holy endeavor meet with such speedy and abundant results from its effort. The world at large was never as now so susceptible to new and right impressions. Truth conquers more quickly than ever. A nation born in a day seems no longer an impossible wonder.

How many of the noblest and wisest of former times have toiled and suffered and died without seeing the fruits of good they sought. How many have gone out weeping, bearing precious seed, and have departed the earth before they were permitted to come again with rejoicing,

bringing their sheaves with them! How sadly full this world of ours has been of forerunners of great and Christlike movements, crying unhonored in the wilderness and dying unsung in dungeons dark and cold! Pitiful have been the pleadings of the men of God who have gone forth to lead nations from houses of bondage to lands of promise, and have fallen down dead at last alone on solitary mountains with a wilderness around them, crying with their latest breath, “Establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands establish thou it.”

But the days of the Son of Man which they desired to see and saw not, we have seen at fullest noon. A true man living now no more than threescore years and ten may witness the inauguration and completion of the most beneficent reforms and ameliorating institutions. Art, science, commerce, contact and collisions of mind in a thousand ways hitherto unknown, have broken the spell of the ages and roused the world from its stupor to a quick susceptibility for the apprehension and acceptance of the highest truth. Indeed it is perhaps one of the perils of the times that men are so ready to hear and heed whatever is said to them earnestly and with a show of sincerity. In such a condition is the world that he who honestly believes and powerfully asserts his faith is sure of a prompt and

large following. Less than in any former age do men ask of him who comes to teach them to exhibit credentials of formal authority. The humblest man who speaks the truth in love is accorded an obedient hearing.

With all these favorable conditions for the prosecution of spiritual endeavors we cannot overlook this additional advantage: the nations are closer together than ever before. Modern means of transportation and communication have placed the people of every land in earshot of each other. What is whispered in the ear at Washington is proclaimed within an hour from the housetops of Madrid, and that which is spoken in the closets of London is soon the talk of the streets in Pekin. And so it comes to pass that he who instructs and inspires his own people becomes the instructor and teacher of all mankind.

Furthermore, war, the alienator of men and the interceptor of the truth, is passing away. No other than the late Gen. Sheridan, a man whom we Southern people know to have believed quite enough in arms, said at the centennial celebration of our national constitution: "The improvement in guns and the material of war, in dynamite and other explosives, is rapidly bringing us to a period when war will be eliminated

from history, when we can no longer stand up and fight each other, and when we shall have to resort to something else.”

And that “something else” will be the world’s recognition of truth and justice. More and more kings and rulers will have to consult the people before going to war, and the people will more and more scrutinize the case which is laid before them in any proposition for hostilities. International federations of industry and commerce, international societies of humanity and philanthropy, and above all a universal religion, are rapidly teaching the common people in a very real and practical way the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. And as this great lesson is more and more deeply learned by them they will refuse to support any contention not founded in justice, or wage any war when arbitration could cure the wrong. What can the lord high captains do when the common people of all lands, looking into each other’s eyes, say, “We be brethren,” and refuse to obey the command to fire? As sure as God reigns and justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne, such a time will come, and who shall say it is not now near at hand?

When I observe all these signs of the times I can but think the plan of God for this

generation is action all along the line of mental and moral forces. It is a time for a new crusade and a higher chivalry. They of the red cross and shield went forth to rescue from the profane possession of the infidel the sepulchre where their risen Lord had lain; but knights of the modern time must go forth with the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit to rescue their brother men from a worse than pagan sepulture, —from the deep dishonors of ignorance and sin.

To take your places in this mighty plan of battle, to fall in with this holiest of the holy wars, this knightliest chivalry, I call you youngest sons of Emory College to-day.

What unity of life, what sublime steadiness of purpose and consistency of effort will enlistment in such a warfare bring to you! Into what holy fellowships of patriarchs, prophets, apostles and martyrs will it introduce you! For this cause Abel died and for it his blood yet speaks. Walking with God Enoch pursued it to the gates of pearl and within the golden city. Seeking it Abraham sojourned in a strange country dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob. To feed it Joseph filled the storehouses of Egypt and to shield it wielded wisely the scepter of the Pharaohs. To deliver it Moses renounced the honors and forsook the treasures of Egypt, embraced

aforehand the reproach of Christ, feared not the wrath of the king and endured as seeing him who is invisible. To celebrate its triumphs David sang and to rebuke its despondency Isaiah's holy lips were touched with heavenly fire. For it the Baptist preached. For it Jesus lived and died and rose again and entered into the heavens and now directs with his pierced hands, into which all power is given, the providence which aids and inspires us to bear well our part in this conflict of the ages.

Do I think too well of you when I venture to believe that you will do soldierly service in this mighty strife? Do I expect too much of you when I dare hope you will turn away from the blandishments and seductions of a luxurious civilization to serve in simplicity and godly sincerity your generation according to His will who has bought you with His blood? It is not for you to covet soft raiment and the dainty fare of kings' houses. Leave this to the stupid herd whose eyes the God of this world hath blinded.

When I saw you gather about your class tree and anticipate the fruits of manhood's toil to obey the generous impulse of love and loyalty which led you to take part in endowing your *Alma Mater* that she might enrich all the generations to come with treasures of wisdom and

knowledge,\* a faith was sprung within me that a new company had joined the sacramental hosts who would do yet more valiant service for God and the right.\* And that faith will not be disappointed.

With all the signs of promise that we have, no man can yet say what use our nation and generation will make of its opportunity. While our productive power has been most wonderfully increased, our devices of self-indulgence have been more than proportionately multiplied. It may turn out at last that we shall fail of the good pleasure of God concerning us, that another people may take our crown, that all our heroic aspirations may be overcome by an enfeebling sensualism, and that all our bright visions may be darkened by an unlifting cloud of paganism. If such shall be the case stand at your post and do your duty, neither coveting the approval nor fearing the condemnation of a world not worthy of you. Such a sense of duty kept the sentinel at his post at the gate of ill-fated Pompeii when the stifling dust and ashes came thicker and thicker from the volcano and the liquid mud streamed down and around him, and the people

\*On the occasion of planting the class tree on the campus, this class gave their notes for \$5,000 to the endowment of "The George W. W. Stone Chair of Applied Mathematics"—thus completing the \$25,000 required.



fled. There his bones have been found in helmet and breastplate, with the hand still raised to keep away the suffocating dust from mouth and nostril—a monument showing the world how heroism undaunted may survive in a voluptuous society, and die unawed when it can do nothing else but die.

So stand ye in your lot in this day of luxurious living unawed and uncorrupted. If our civilization, as others before it, shall be overwhelmed in some great upheaval, physical or social, your heroic endurance and fidelity some worthier race in a nobler age will discover and thus at last you will help to create the new earth wherein righteousness will dwell. For be you well assured that self-sacrifice never fails. Political power perishes, dynasties fall to rise no more, laws become obsolete and literatures pass away; but the influence of a life devoted to unselfish service is as indestructible as the divine love which inspires it and the omnipotent power which protects it. Though envy slay it, as Abel died hard by the gates of Paradise, from the ground its blood shall cry to heaven, and in far-off ages its voice shall be heard speaking better things than selfish desires ever wished or worldly hopes ever dreamed. Though friendless it slumber in a manger-cradle, the stars of heaven beam kindly upon it and angels of light sing its

praise. Its poverty may be deeper than the destitution of the unhoused foxes of the forest, or harder its lot than the want of the unsheltered birds of the air; but multitudes shall be fed from its bounty, and the desert place shall rejoice in its wonder-working power. Its crown of thorns shall at last become a diadem of royal power. Enter, I pray you, the fellowship of its sufferings that you may share the glory of its triumph.

And now, my dear boys, may God be merciful unto you and bless you and cause His face to shine upon you, and keep you faithful and true till the end.

### III.

#### "A TOUCH OF ANARCHY EVERYWHERE."

(1892.)

The young men who graduate from American colleges at the present time, come upon the stage of action at a momentous and interesting point in our history. It is not made so by the fact of a national campaign and a Presidential election, but by the moral and social forces which have been long operating and which now seem to be approaching a culmination.

An editorial writer in one of our great dailies recently attempted an analysis of the situation, under this caption: "A Touch of Anarchy Everywhere." He declared that in every field of human thought and action, in the business and industrial world as well as in other lines of effort, this touch of anarchy is visible; that we see churches revising their creeds, politicians revising their systems, and popular leaders revising our social common laws. He went on to affirm, "The times are out of joint and people seem to be ready to accept the wildest theories and to do anything that is unreasonable and unexpected."

When all due allowance is made for the

evident desponding mood of the writer, candor compels us to admit that there is in present conditions much to suggest if not to justify such a view. That great outward changes are in progress no observing man fails to see.

I should therefore perhaps be unfaithful to the responsibilities of this hour if I failed to forewarn you of the tempest into which you are now passing, or neglected, as far as I may be able, to forearm you against its perils.

The industrial world has been utterly revolutionized during the last thirty years. Invention has increased the productive power of man, and multiplied gains have begotten intense greed. So eager have men become to acquire wealth and escape toil that the processes of industry and integrity are discredited and discarded for the doubtful arts of the "hustler" and the "speculator." For every bushel of wheat which comes out of the ground ten bushels are sold in the Produce Exchange of New York, and when our cotton-fields yield eight millions of bales, the crop grown in the "bucket-shop" amounts to sixty millions. By such methods money is shifted from hand to hand in such a haphazard manner that one man rises from the pains of poverty to the power of affluence in an hour, while another falls from plenty to penury with the casting of

a die. And so we see from day to day reckless rioting on one hand and madness and despair on the other, wildly contending along the highways of trade.

In the political world a similar spirit prevails and similar methods are employed. Established principles of wisdom, justice and moderation are renounced that men may pursue the more piquant politics of frenzied reformers and frivolous fanatics. All misfortunes are traced for their origin to the government, and it is proposed to remedy all evils by legislation. There is no ill to which flesh is heir which cannot be cured by some new device of taxation or some ingenious tinkering with the currency. Political messiahs cry to a distracted people on all sides, saying: "Lo here" or "Lo there," and many foolish ones go after them.

With these disturbances of commerce and agitations in the social and political world, many are dragging anchor morally; for as Madam de Stael truly says, "It is the fatal effect of revolutions to obliterate altogether our ideas of right and wrong, and instead of the eternal distinctions of morality and religion, apply no other test in general estimation to actions but success."

To such a period naturally belongs a certain

class of adventurous theologians, putting forth all manner of freakish gospels. They are the stormy petrels of such a time, skimming along the surface of the waves, taking the mollusks and other creeping things cast up by the perturbations of the deep. They are vain talkers and deceivers, teaching things they ought not for filthy lucre's sake, engaging in "profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science, falsely so called, proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words." These we have in abundance, mingling their voices in the cries of the market place and with the declamations of the demagogues, publishing many new things which are not true and a few true things which are not new.

Into such a Babel have you come. How will you deport yourselves?

Let me exhort you first of all that you behave yourselves with moderation. Wise are the words of Dr. Shedd concerning the duty of the educated. "The proper posture of the educated mind," says he, "toward the current opinions of the age in which he lives is that of moderation. The educated man should keep his mind equable and in some degree aloof from passing views and theories. He ought not to allow theories that have just come into existence to seize upon his

understanding with all that assault and onset with which they take captive the uneducated and especially the unhistoric mind. \* \* \* He occupies a height, a vantage ground, and he is to stand upon it, not with the tremor and fervor of a partisan, but with the calmness and insight of a judge."

You know, or ought to know, that much of what nowadays is paraded as progress is some ancient vice of trade revived, or some discarded theory of government recalled, or some exploded heresy in theology recovered and exhibited as a fresh revelation from the skies. Cornering grain was an infamy in the days of Solomon, for the wise man wrote in the Proverbs, "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him, but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." The prophet Amos, nearly a thousand years before Christ, gave the world a full-length portrait of one of our modern "Napoleons of finance," when he said: "Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, "When will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit, that we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea and sell the refuse of the wheat?"

The pretentious theories of government and ambitious systems of theology, which also are clamoring for the attention and acceptance of people, are but the cast-off clothes of former generations. Arrayed in them intellectual tramps are seeking to hide their nakedness and win the admiration of the ignorant. Surely you have been too well instructed to follow or to be led by them.

Allow me, therefore, to exhort you further to stand by old-fashioned, antique righteousness. There is nothing better in this world, and chaos must finally come to order in obedience to its authority. The "touch of anarchy," which our editorial friend sees "everywhere," is the finger prints of men who think and act as if there were something better in this world than being true and doing right.

Such men in the business world bring wreck to themselves and damage to the public, because they despise the slow and moderate rewards of honest industry, that they may reach sudden wealth by extraordinary methods. You will not give honor to them, much less fall into their ways. They are storm-centers in our civilization. Your patriotism and your piety alike will impel you to abhor their methods.

In spite of all the gilded pageants of hastily



gathered wealth which we see about us, let us continue to believe in old-fashioned industry, frugality and integrity. Let no sophistries beguile you to forsake these homely virtues. That is a dangerous, delusive and fleeting success which is won by renouncing them. It comes too dear. He who for gold will sell such virtues is no better than the painted savage who exchanges the costliest gems for strings of worthless beads.

And, as I commend to you these antique excellencies for commercial life, I would, with equal earnestness and positiveness, warn you against the political and governmental novelties with which some would displace the principles and practices of the fathers of the Republic.

It is easy for one to be carried away by the plausibilities and fervor of some of our modern agitators. There are doubtless evils to be corrected and wrongs to be righted, and smarting under a sense of injustice, the people may, for a season, be misled by ardent reformers who invite them to bow down to graven images as the gods which have led them out of bondage. But the people will not be deceived always. When the heaven-appointed leader comes down from the mount, they will know him by his radiant face, and walking after him they will follow the pillar of cloud and of fire, by which this nation

has been led hitherto. Thus led they will find the old paths and walk therein.

Do not, I pray you, be disturbed by the passing storm and imagine because the sky is overcast all the stars have gone out. The great principles of good government have been known in this country from the beginning. They are fixed stars shining bright and clear. They looked down upon our fathers and will shed their kindly light upon our children's children. Do not hesitate to walk by them, nor count them cheap because they seem commonplace. They are commonplace because they are fundamental—commonplace like the sun which has been always with us, and by which the seasons have come and gone, springtime and harvest and the rich rewards of autumn.

Stand also by the old time religion. As they sing at the camp-meetings, "It is good enough for me."

I have read some of the writings of our modern scientists and apostles of the "destructive criticism." I think I have been open to receive any real truth they have had to reveal; but at last I have not found that they could teach me anything better than that I learned at my mother's knee. The old Bible written to be understood by common men and women, not a technical

book for critics only; the old Bible showing plain people how to bear trial, overcome temptation and be faithful unto death; the old Bible is what the old standards claim for it—“a sufficient rule of faith and practice.” If it be not the true revelation from God there has never been given a revelation. There is not a sin which it does not condemn nor a virtue which it does not commend. Since its last page was written there has not been a moral discovery. Stand by it and take it for what it says.

Especially, I pray you, let the revelation which it brings of the other world get hold upon you. Until a man finds something which is worth more to him than life, something for which he would lay down his life, he cannot really and truly live to purpose. And not until eternal life becomes real and vivid to him, will this something be found. Martyrdom and heroism—they are of one substance—are sustained by faith in eternal things. “Look not at the things which are seen, but at the things that are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

I know I advise you to take a high and difficult path. I should dishonor your *Alma Mater* and mine, if I advised you, her youngest sons, to take a lower course.

When the old Cardinal Barromeo was about to

leave Lodi, to go and minister to the sick in plague-stricken Milan, his clergy advised him to remain where he was and wait until the disease had exhausted itself. He answered, "No! A bishop whose duty it is to give his life for his flock cannot abandon them in their time of peril." "Yes," they replied, "to stand by them is the higher course." "Well," he said, "is it not a bishop's duty to take the higher course?" And he went to Milan. Take the higher course; is it not the duty, is it not the way, of Emory's sons to take the higher course?

I cannot promise you that it will bring you what is called success. No man can lay before you a plan of life upon which he can guarantee to you success. Some one asked the Duke of Wellington what was the secret of his success in battle. He replied that he had no secret for success; that no man had. All that a man could do, he said, was to plan as carefully as possible beforehand, do his best and trust in God. It is thus with the battle of life (and you will surely find life a battle). A true man is called to a state of war. Go into the battle undismayed; do your best and trust God. If that shall not bring you success it will bring you a high life more sublime even in defeat than all the victories of ignoble greatness.

#### IV.

#### THE SOUTH THE HOME OF AMERICANISM.

(1893.)

I am not sure that I will escape the censure of good and fair-minded people, not to speak of the abuse of the ill-natured and malicious, for what I am about to say to you to-day. But I feel it my duty at this hour, to call your attention, and, as far as my voice may reach, to call the attention of all the educated young men of our section, to the peculiar duty and responsibility of the South in view of present conditions in the United States and threatened dangers to the Republic.

Many things have conspired to preserve in the South the spirit and habits of the founders of our government, and it is, therefore, the duty of our people to lead in the sorely-needed revival of what we may call, for lack of a better word, Americanism.

I have no disposition to indulge in indiscriminate eulogy of our own section, or ungenerous criticism of any other section. If I were thus disposed the proprieties of this occasion forbid such idle, and worse than idle, discourse. This

is not an hour for the boasts of sectional pride or the blasts of sectional hate. We may not in this place encroach upon the especial preserve of the politician and the agitator. It is ours to consider calmly the conditions of our country and our duties arising from these conditions, and, having ascertained these duties, to set about the discharge of them earnestly and resolutely. It is ours to subject sectional passion to the authority of a benevolent patriotism which concerns itself for the welfare of the whole country.

And to-day I speak from a motive of interest and anxiety for the welfare of our entire nation, rather than from any motive of sectional pride or animosity.

By the trend of events and the providential movements of the last half century, there has come upon the South the hard and high duty of preserving and propagating the spirit and traditions of that Americanism by which the nation was originally established, and through which it has achieved the noblest triumphs of its history.

From causes which it is not necessary to discuss to-day our section has been somewhat set apart to itself, and has thereby escaped influences which have overspread and injured the civilization of other sections of our country, and

we owe it to the conservative elements of those sections to make such a stand here as will save both them and us from the most dangerous and destructive radicalism. In the conflict of old-fashioned Americanism with all sorts of foreign innovations and alien customs we occupy a position of advantage which enhances our responsibility and calls for the most unfaltering fidelity.

The chiefest characteristic of the founders of this great Republic was their faith in God and their reverence for the authority of the Bible. They never doubted for one moment that the Bible was the Word of God. The "higher criticism," if it had come among them, would have despised their simple faith, and their simple faith would most certainly have despised the "higher criticism."

In his Bunker Hill oration Mr. Webster said of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, "The Bible came with them, and it is not to be doubted that to the free and universal reading of the Bible is to be ascribed in that age that men were indebted for right views of civil liberty." That acute Frenchman, M. de Tocqueville, said, "Religion gave birth to Anglo-American society." In the thickest darkness of the Revolutionary period the Continental Congress

imported 20,000 Bibles to distribute among the colonies, justifying the action by the declaration, "The use of the Bible is so universal and its importance so great." What Hildersham affirmed of the New England colonists might, with equal justice, have been declared of all the rest: "They were agreed in nothing further than in this general principle—that the reformation of the church was to be endeavored according to the word of God."

That they sometimes persecuted each other on account of divergent religious opinions is quite true; but this reveals intensity of religious conviction if it also discovers unwise and uncharitable devotion to it. Their religion was alert, not a nerveless, indolent indifference. They were always ready to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints" and to "give a reason for the hope" that was in them. While some of our modern lights, if they had lived in that day, would have accounted the wisest of the American fathers ignorant vulgarians, those simple, rugged men, displayed a moral heroism and political integrity which the liberalists of all ages and climes have not been able to parallel with one single example. These heroes of the Republic were also heroes of faith, believing implicitly the Old Book and sacredly observing the holy day of worship and rest.



While the war was raging, Washington, who incarnated the best spirit of the people, issued on May 2, 1778, this order: "The commander-in-chief directs that divine service be performed every Sunday at 11 o'clock in those brigades to which there are chaplains,—those which have none, to attend the places of worship nearest them. It is expected that officers of all ranks will by their attendance set an example to their men. While we are zealously performing the duties of good citizens and soldiers, we certainly ought not to be inattentive to the higher duties of religion. To the distinguished character of patriot it should be our highest glory to add the more distinguished character of Christian. The signal instances of Providential goodness which we have experienced and which have now almost crowned our labors with complete success demand from us in a peculiar manner the warmest returns of gratitude and piety to the Supreme Author of all good."

All the world knew that the real founders of the Republic were Christians, whatever might be the opinions of a few persons among them. Lamartine said: "Washington fought, spoke and suffered always in the name of God, for whom he acted; and the liberator of America died confiding to God his own soul and the liberty of the people."

If the fathers of the Republic asserted vehemently the doctrine of religious toleration, they did not thereby demand a charter for political atheism, but a defense for the freedom of the faith, that it might run and be glorified in godly lives and noble heroisms" Prof. Bryce, in his able work entitled "The American Commonwealth," justly says: "Religious freedom has been generally thought of in America in the form of freedom and equality between different sorts of Christians, or, at any rate, between different sorts of theists; persons opposed to religion altogether have until recently been extremely few everywhere, and practically unknown in the South."

Another characteristic of primitive Americans was the place which women occupied in their social system. Believing, as they did, implicitly in the Bible, they accepted St. Paul's teaching that "the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church." The women of the colonies were womanly to the last degree. One might apply to them the language of St. Peter: "After this manner in the old time the holy women also who trusted in God adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands." The picture which Washington Irving gives of Mary Washington is that of a

mother in Israel, "with her little flock gathered round her, as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work," her favorite volume being Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations." When, after seven years' absence, her illustrious son returned victorious from the war, "he found her alone, her aged hands employed in works of domestic industry. With a mother's tenderness she noted the lines which care and toil had made on his manly face, spoke much of old times and the friends of his early days, but of his glory not a word." Her heart was in the home. Subsequently, when he had been called by the unanimous voice of his countrymen to the Presidency, and had come to bid her farewell before repairing to the seat of government, she said to him: "You will see me no more; I shall not be long in this world. I trust God I am prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfill the destiny which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessings be with you always." No wonder the strong man wept as a little child when, after these words, he kissed for the last time the furrowed cheek of such a mother. One such a mother is worth all the unsexed female agitators and manipulators who have lived from the days of Jezebel

to the Kansas campaigners and the screamers in "The Woman's Congress" at Chicago.

Another salient feature of the national spirit in the early days of the Republic was the jealous care of the people for local government. From Teuton ancestors on the banks of the Elbe, through English progenitors who had wrung from unwilling tyrants the liberties guaranteed in Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights and the Habeas Corpus Bill, they had inherited the spirit of freedom. The Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution, palpitate with this spirit. There is no understanding those great documents at all if we fail to discover the sensitive jealousy for local self-government which pervades them in every part.

These, then, were the great fundamental principles of primitive Americanism, viz., intense Christian convictions, intense devotion to womanly modesty and domestic virtue, and a jealous care for the securities of individual freedom and local government. In the maintenance of these principles they showed uncalculating fidelity. Commercial considerations could not seduce them to depart from their convictions, nor any worldly interest divide their attention, or chill the ardor of their zeal. They were not of the

worshippers of mammon who abound in prudential virtues and who are deficient in the virtues which impel one to self-abandon in the defense of right.

It is easy to see how from the prevalence of these principles of an earnest Christianity, a reverence for the Bible, a religious type of womanhood, a sacred regard for local government, the most beautiful civilization would naturally spring—a civilization the unit of which would be the Christian home, sheltering a people who looked up to no one but God as they lived a life than which there was nothing better but heaven. And such, indeed, was our country, and such it yet may be. If such it shall be, the result must largely depend upon the people of the South.

With all the faults of our people it remains true of them that a greater proportion of them than of any other people on the planet are vitally related to Christianity and the church of God. There are more church members in the South than among the same number of people in other land, and their faith is the simplest, purest, and best. Moreover, the type of their piety is evangelical, not rationalistic. Religious isms and quibbles have never flourished among our people. The Christian Sabbath is sacredly regarded and the Old Book is implicitly believed. Our

people not only believe that the Bible *contains* the word of God, but that it *is in truth* the word of God. Our women believe the Old Book and gladly accept its teachings concerning their station and duties. They are not pining for woman's suffrage, nor heeding the subtle tempter who tells them how pleasant is this forbidden fruit to the eye and well adapted to make them wise, and that in the day they eat thereof they shall become as men. They know full well it means the despoiling of the home, sweet emblem of the paradise lost and symbol of the heaven to come. They know full well that when at one time the women of Rome secured all their "rights" the empire perished, and woman with her short-lived independence and glory sank beneath its ruins. They know how holy marriage was despised while domestic infidelity and multitudinous divorces destroyed the Roman home and thereby pulled down the Roman government.

That history is too notorious to have escaped attention, and it teaches its lesson with clearness and cogency. The Lex Julia of Augustus was an enactment which advertised the deadly disease it was intended to cure, providing as it did for a number of special privileges to the married, which were in fact a

handsome bribe to induce citizens to enter the conjugal state. It points to that wretched state illustrated in the case reported by St. Jerome, who tells us he witnessed the funeral of a woman who had been married twenty-three times and was followed to her grave by a husband who had been married twenty-one times. In all these innovations which look to the revolution of the social and political relation of women, there are hidden the germs of these ills which cursed and killed the Roman state. From them our noble women turn away. They prefer to be the sovereigns of our homes than to become the sport and slaves of the populace.

All our people still believe in local self-government—in home rule and home religion. Least of all things are they willing in these days of concentrated wealth to yield anything which looks toward a centralized government.

The South stands for all these high principles of which I have been speaking, and you are to act your part in your day and generation in the South. You will not act that part well if you lose sight of these high and holy things.

I would not have you think for a moment that none but Southerners stand for these things. In every section of our country there are many good people who stand with us. But our history

has tended to preserve these principles among us in a degree unknown to other sections, and for this reason our responsibility for their maintenance is proportionately increased.

And it is time our people had gone beyond a mere defensive attitude with reference to them. We must begin to spread them. We must join hands with good men of other sections in propagating them.

We cannot have an enduring Republic without an abiding Christianity, accepting the authority of the inspired Book and walking in the ordinances of the living God. As Lamartine well says: "An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it yields. When you would buy it, it becomes venal. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would give it credit for the sacrifice—the people ungrateful and God non-existent?" To the same purpose speaks that other brilliant Frenchman, M. DeTocqueville: "Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty cannot. How is it possible that society should escape destruction if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they be not submissive to the Deity?" And a greater than either of them, even Washington,



the peerless, said in his farewell address: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

And be ye well assured religion cannot prevail if the people lose faith in the divine revelation, or abandon the day of worship for the sports of a holiday. The alternatives of thought are an infallible Church, or an infallible Book, or Agnosticism. There can be no other. And whatever theory of the Sabbath the people may accept, if they cease to observe a holy day for worship, hedged about against worldly toil and worldly pleasure, faith will languish and religion die. Stand, then, I beseech you, for God's word and the Lord's day as pillars of our government and supports of our civilization.

Stand also for the Christian home and resist every influence which tends, however slightly, to impair its sanctity or lessen its influence. However plausible such influences may appear or

with whatever promises of reform they may seek to beguile, they mean evil, only evil, and that continually. "As a nation we rise or fall as the character of our homes presided over by woman rises or falls; and the best gauge of our best prosperity is to be found in the measure by which these homes find multiplication in the land. In true marriage and the struggle after the highest ideal of home life is to be found the solution of more of the ugly problems that confront the present generation—moral, social and political—than can be enumerated. If women grow more modest, sweet, truthful, trustworthy and womanly by familiarity with political intrigues and controversies, if her home grows better in consequence from her absence from it as voter and candidate, then by all means let her vote early and often."\* If the number of true marriages is to be increased by a policy which arrays the sexes against each other and diminishes a mutual respect and affection, let us adopt that policy without delay. But if old-fashioned motherhood, with its holy devotion and tender ministries, is required for the creation and preservation of homes in which manly virtue and womanly purity are brought to their best estate, let us resist the miserable innovations by which some strong-minded women and weak-minded men would

\*"Every-Day Topics," by J. G. Holland.

degrade the queen of the home to a brawler in the market-place.

You have learned in your classics of how, under the colonial system of the ancient Greek cities, when the mother city sent out a colonizing company, the emigrants took with them fire kindled at the public hearth (the prytaneum) wherewith to supply their own altars with the sacred flame with which they perpetuated the religious rites of their ancestors. To-day, as you go forth from your *Alma Mater*, I bring you to the altar fires of Americanism kindled by the fathers of the Republic. Take of this sacred flame and keep it all aglow until it shall blaze from altars on every mountain and hilltop in our land—altars from which all the nations shall learn inspirations to Christian faith, civil freedom, and domestic purity. And let your fidelity be the greater by so much as you know that if this holy fire be extinguished in our own land, we can have no reasonable hope that it will be rekindled elsewhere. If it expire here “darkness shall cover the earth and thick darkness the people,” for, as Emerson remarks, not with boastful extravagance but with a solemn sense of responsibility, “Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race.” America is the hope of mankind, and the preservation of the

purity, piety and patriotism of the founders of the Republic is the hope of America. Stand for these high and holy things without fear and without compromise.

May the blessing of the God of our fathers go with you and abide upon you always.

## V.

### COMPLETING THE WORK OF THE FATHERS.

(1894.)

It was a saying of Seneca that "those who have been before us have done much, but they have not finished anything."

These words of the Roman sage contain a wholesome, nutritious thought for the consideration of young men of culture and consecration, who are about to be dismissed from the tasks of college life to the larger engagements of after years. The pagan philosopher gives in these words an echo of our Lord's declaration to His first disciples: "Other men have labored and ye have entered into their labors."

Such words impel us to reverence the good already achieved by those who have gone before us, and to seek, as much as in us lies, to make it better. They exclude alike contentment with or contempt for the past. They leave no room for anarchic radicalism on the one hand, or apathetic conservatism on the other.

In our day there are many persons of shallow thought and vehement vanity, who never weary of exalting the things of the present at the expense of all that has been done before us, so

that they allow nothing to be good or great except it be recent. They prate of progress as if the race had made no progress until they came, when at last mankind, aroused by their quickening presence, suddenly awoke, and by a somersault bounded forward to an estate a little lower than that of the angels. With the American "innocent abroad" they weep at the graves of patriarchs and prophets, because those belated barbarians never lived to see them.

On the other hand, there are those who dwell among the tombs, possessed by an evil spirit which tells them so much has been done there is nothing left for them to do; that the opportunities of mankind are forever past. These tell us the days of oratory have gone, the eclogue has supplanted the epic, heroism is obsolete, and in every department of human effort there is nothing in order except the languid acceptance of the insipid conditions of a commonplace era.

With neither of these views can a man of healthy mind have sympathy. He will reverently and thankfully acknowledge that they who have been before us have done much; he will intelligently recognize that they have finished nothing; and in holy devotion to the ancestors who have gone before him and to the posterity who will follow after him he will manfully undertake

to carry forward, as far as he may, the unfinished labors of former generations. He values the immense achievements of the past, but he courageously perceives the essential equivalence of opportunity in all times, and discerns with Emerson "that the disadvantages of any epoch exist only to the faint-hearted."

When Seneca wrote and spoke there were doubtless many about the Roman capital who indulged the delusion that in other lands and times than their own there had been next to nothing worthy of esteem, and that in the age of the Caesars human history had culminated. But before them had been the venerable systems of the East, and the graceful civilization of the Greeks. If from Roman life the elements derived from these sources had been extracted, more than half its glory had been effaced.

It is quite probable there were also at Rome in those days companies of listless youths walking the streets of the imperial city and lounging in its luxury, who, while despising the provincialism which ignored the achievements of other nations and other ages, excused themselves from effort in their own times by the claim that there was nothing left for men to do. They would inquire, "Has not Homer sung, Demosthenes spoken, Alexander conquered, and the great

spirits of Syria and Egypt done all that men can dare or hope?"

Looking back over the eighteen centuries which stretch between us and Seneca; centuries in which have lived and labored Dante and Milton, Charlemagne and Napoleon, Bacon and Shakespeare, Luther and Wesley, Cromwell and Washington, and the innumerable company of immortals who have carried forward the triumphs of the race, how puerile and mean such views must now appear! How true were the words of the philosopher, "They who have been before us have done much, but they have finished nothing!" He spoke more wisely than he himself knew. He knew almost as little of what had been done as he foresaw what was to be. What did he know of the laws of Moses and of that little but lasting commonwealth of Israel? What did he know of the innocent and omnipotent sufferer of Calvary, who, in dying, had founded an empire world-wide in its scope and imperishable in its structure? What knowledge had he of an inspired tent-maker who about that time was wandering over all the region from Palestine to Spain, preaching sermons and writing letters which have regenerated the earth and saved mankind from defeat and despair? Unknown to the



worldly-wise, vascillating Latin sage, who vainly attempted the impossible career of the servant of truth in the life of a courtier, these mighty spirits had toiled and agonized, and but for that which they achieved, such good as he accomplished would long since have perished from the earth.

Standing as we do upon a loftier eminence, in a purer atmosphere, with the clearer vision of Christian students, we ought to be able to perceive, as the Roman could not, what has been done and what yet remains to be done. We can compute with some sort of accuracy what we owe to the devout worshipers of the East, to the vivacious and high-spirited Greeks, and to his own rugged Romanism. Or if we fail of an accurate estimate we may at least know our calculation is in error, and offer in payment a gratitude as indefinitely large as our debt exceeds our power of statement. We know also our inheritance from the productive centuries this side the age of Seneca.

We know how medieval students, in darkened cloisters, toiled to preserve for posterity the rich treasures of literature and religion, which we enjoy. We know that when a flood of ignorance swept over the world, submerging the highest elevations of intelligence, those devout men kept

a float an ark in which were preserved the stocks from which has sprung the civilization which glorifies the earth to-day. We know that we are debtors to even that blind, and sometimes brutal, chivalry, which in a semi-barbarous age maintained respect for manly courage, reverence for womanly purity and faith in the truth of God, showing to all succeeding generations to what divine heights of usefulness human nature can rise when touched by a noble sentiment.

Coming nearer to our own days, we know our birthright procured for us by the unlettered barons of Runnymede and the unfaltering martyrs of Smithfield. Or still nearer, we know and value the work of our political ancestors of '76, and our religious fathers of the Wesleyan era. All these, "through faith, subdued kingdoms; wrought righteousness; out of weakness were made strong; waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." And whilst they obtained a good report, and heavenly promises for themselves, God hath provided some better things for us that they, without us, should not be made perfect. Wherefore, Christian students ye who are "heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time," be it known unto you, as you enter upon your life work, that you are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses

eagerly desiring that you run with patience and finish with victory the race that is set before you. In your place and measure, you are to carry forward the work upon which they who have gone before were once engaged, and which they left unfinished.

When Napoleon addressed his grand army under the shadow of the Pyramids, he said: "Soldiers of France, forty centuries look down upon you to-day." In a sense far more solemn and affecting, may it be said to the army of young men coming forth from our Christian institutions: "All the centuries look down upon you. Quit you like men."

The inheritance of unfinished work which comes to you is not only magnificent in proportions; it is sacred in character. It has been sanctified by suffering. Pain has been the price paid for all the permanent good among men. Without the shedding of blood there is not only no remission of sins, but there is no good of any sort. The best and strongest parts of our government were laid in a cement of suffering. From the "stones in the walls and the beams of the timber" of all our Christian institutions cry out the agonies of soul by which they were laid in place. In the solemn tones of the creeds and the liturgies of the Christian Church, the

attentive ear can hear the sighing and groaning of the great souls whom John saw under the altar, "slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held."

If the good which was begun by those who have been before you is ever finished, it must be carried forward in like spirit. It is not said, other men have labored and ye may enter into *rest*, but "Ye are entered into their *labors*." Because they have labored you must toil; because they have suffered you must endure.

Above five hundred years ago was begun at Cologne the splendid cathedral but recently completed. Persistently, over many obstacles and with many detentions, the work went on until at last, amid the rejoicing of the civilized world, the great structure was finished. Far back in history, with the service and suffering of Abel, was begun the great spiritual edifice towards the completion of which all the generations of men have contributed something. Like the patient masons who worked on the great cathedral, many have toiled with little or no conception of the majestic proportions and noble uses of the great work upon which they were engaged. To you it has been granted to see somewhat of its final beauty and grandeur. The vision should strengthen your hearts and steady your hands.

The part of the work you are to do is not less than that which has been done by any who have gone before you. Your times are as holy as any times, and there are yet deeds to be done by men as great as any which have been done. Yea, and greater works await achievement because the Son has gone unto the Father, and in the affluence of His enthroned omnipotence, replenishes with increasing potency the energies of his servants.

Let us respect ourselves as sons of God, and magnify our work. Then, as Emerson tells us, "the first step of worthiness will disabuse us of our superstitious association with places and times, with number and size." "Why," he continues, "should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia and England, so tingle in the ears? Let us feel that where the heart is, there are the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River and Boston Bay you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are—that is a great fact, and if we tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here—and art and nature, hope and dread, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas,

brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man illustrates his place, makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits.”\*

Find where the great workers, who were just before you, left off the efforts which transfigured them and which glorified their time and place. Then lay hold, entering into the fellowship of their sufferings and sacrifice, and you cannot fail. You have no right to give your time and strength to passing jobs for bread and butter as a tramp might chop a few sticks of wood for his breakfast, and, having fed, pass on to the next village. No such hand-to-mouth working is worthy of an enlightened mind. Relate your efforts to the historic movement of the race, and do work which will abide.

Truly said Frederick Maurice, “No man has a right to begin a work which he does not think has a principle in it that may live and bear fruit after he is dead and forgotten.” Believe something well enough

\*From essay on “Heroism.”

to die for it in order to make room for it among men, and cast forth your lives into the ever living universe and God will see to it that they do not perish. He who would not allow waste of the bread and fishes which he could multiply at will, will never permit one particle of truth or germ of goodness to be lost, let him who puts it forth be never so obscure and humble.

Let me exhort you in the words of a great American essayist, "Pour into your age your whole life, if it be pure and good, and be sure that you have done something—your little all. There shall be no drop of that life wasted. Where you put it there shall it be, an atom in the slowly rising monument of a world redeemed to goodness. If you cannot take counsel of God in this thing, and with the counsel, courage, take it from the most insignificant of his creatures—the madrepores that build islands covered with gardens of wonderful beauty under the sea. The little polyp may well be discouraged when it sees how little it can do in the creation of the coral world, to which, by a law of its nature, it is bound to contribute. But it gives to this world the entire results of its little life—a calcareous atom—and then it dies. But that atom is not lost; God takes care of that. All He asks of the madrepore is its life, and though it may

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not witness the glory of the structure it assists to rear, it has a place in the structure—an essential place—and there it is glorified. Through those strangely fashioned trees the green sea sweeps and wondering monsters swim and stare, till little by little, as the ages with heavy feet tramp over the upper earth, they rear themselves into the light and hold the turbulent sea asleep beneath the smile of God. Little by little they lay the foundation upon which a new life rests, and become the eternal pillars of a temple in which man worships and from which his voice of praise ascends to Heaven. \* \* \* Give that little life of yours with its little result to the twig where you hang, never minding the surges of the sea which try to dislodge you, nor the monsters that stare at you, and be sure that the tree shall emerge at last into the light of heaven—the basis and assurance of a new and glorious life for a race. \* \* \* Go forward unto the realm which stretches before you; climb the highest mountains you can reach and plant a cross there. The nations will come up to it some day.”\*

Laboring thus faithfully, you will in process of time finish your course, but not your work. None but Christ could ever

\*From “Gold Foil,” by J. G. Holland.



truly say, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do," and even of His unapproachable sacrifice an inspired apostle spoke, in words of weighty meaning and mystery, of "filling up which is behind of the afflictions of Christ." Pathetic beyond all expression is the unfinished work beside which true men of every age have laid down and died when they could do no more. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." How sorrowful but how sublime is this life of persistent faith and patient service! It is Abraham, gathered to his people when an old man with the promises of life unfulfilled and the plans of life unfinished; it is Joseph, dying in a strange country with a lifelong hunger in his heart for the old tent home in Canaan, giving commandment concerning his bones; it is Moses with undimmed eye beholding the land which he had yearned for so long, piteously but vainly begging on Pisgah's lonely height, "I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land which is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon;" it is Paul in a Roman dungeon, ready to be offered

up, but longing as at the first to preach the gospel in the regions beyond. It is every mighty spirit who in any age loved men and served God, but was not able to finish the work before the night came, going home at last with a breaking heart, sobbing and crying in the twilight as he went, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

And you, my dear boys, will thus fall some day with life's unfinished tasks about you. See to it that whatever you may have done by then shall be fit to be joined to the glorious deeds of former generations, and worthy to be finished by the noble souls who will come after you. Then indeed when,

"Thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves

To that mysterious realm where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and  
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## VI.

### SELFISH CULTURE A DEPRAVED THING.

(1895.)

Sir Francis Bacon, discussing "wisdom for a man's self," by which he means selfish culture, says "wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof, a depraved thing." Concerning this strong affirmation he, the high priest of experimental philosophy, certainly had experimental knowledge. His culture was almost infinite, and well-nigh infinitely selfish. Wherefore he was justly characterized as "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

Of those who pursue such culture he says "they are many times unfortunate. For whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune; whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned." His own unhappy and shameful career, full of restless ambitions and unscrupulous manipulations for place and power, exemplifies the wisdom of his utterance—a wisdom he could clearly perceive but which he could never practice.

As you go forth to-day from these academic halls, no more important counsel can be given you than to warn you against this selfishness of culture.

While a collegiate course makes no more than the beginnings of intellectual culture, the number of those who are able to secure the opportunities of such a course is so small when compared with the whole number of young men in our country, college-bred men occupy vantage-ground above their contemporaries. Because they are thus advantageously placed, many of them become arrogant in their pretensions and selfish in their methods, to the injury of themselves and to the discredit of the institutions from which they go forth. These are they who affect airs of superior wisdom, patronize or despise the illiterate, close their eyes to all demands of usefulness, seek only their own comfort and advancement, and prate much of "culture for culture's sake."

Of such hurtful culture a great American editor has written: "Any competent observer cannot fail to have noticed that the seeking of that which is most admirable in intellectual finish and furniture, simply for the sake of holding it in possession, has the same degrading effect upon the soul that comes to the miser

from hoarding his gold. \* \* \* So it often happens that as men grow more learned by study and more skilled in intellectual practice and more nicely adjusted and finished in their power, and more exact and delicate in their tastes, do they lose their sympathy with the world of common life, and become fastidious, disdainful and cold. They seem able to warm only toward those who praise them, or who set an extravagant value upon their possessions, and to hold fellowship with none but those of kindred pursuits." Of the culture of these men the writer proceeds to say: "Such culture can have no broad aims except the selfish aim to be broadly recognized. Whatever work it does is done for the few. To contribute by kind and self-adaptive purpose to the wants of the many is what it never does. It is too proud to be useful. It would be glad to command or to lead, but it will not serve. It works away at its own refinement and aggrandizement, but refuses to come down into the dusty ways of life, to point men upward or to help them bear their burdens. The world all might go to the dogs or the devil for anything that selfish culture would do to prevent it. That work is done and must always be done, by those who have faith—by the humble who have something better than culture, or the high who have

placed their culture under the control of that law of love, whose feet stand upon the earth, and whose hands grasp the throne.”\*

In the parting advice of this hour I would solemnly and earnestly warn you away from this selfish culture, and call you to that divine culture which walks the paths of self-sacrifice, has compassion on the multitude and daily goes about doing good.

The considerations by which this counsel may be enforced are manifold, making their appeal to all the motives of both piety and patriotism, as well as to all that is allowable in self-love.

It is through the faults of selfish culture that there exists in the popular mind any prejudice against colleges and college-bred men, and if nothing else but this fact could be alleged against it, this alone would be sufficient to establish the injurious character of such culture. The mind was made to know as the heart was made to love, and he who is responsible in any measure for estranging any human being from knowledge is a sinner as truly as he who makes the poor to hunger and the faint to thirst. Thomas Carlyle says: “This I call tragedy: that there should

\*J. G. Holland in *Scribners' Monthly*.

one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge." But how often have college-bred men been "accessories before the fact" to this tragedy of mental murder! By imperious airs and arrogant assumptions of superiority they have shut the gates of knowledge against not a few of their less favored but perhaps more gifted contemporaries. Nowhere in the English-speaking world is this tragedy of men dying in ignorance who had capacity for knowledge more common than in the South, and no people can so ill-afford to have it daily repeated among them as our people. But if college men by the selfishness and vain fastidiousness of their culture contribute to the continuance of the prejudice under consideration, they will insure the increasing frequency of the tragedy which the sage of Craigenputtock bewailed.

Most popular prejudices have at bottom some reason for their existence, and the prejudice against colleges and college-bred men which some people entertain has some ground for its justification, notwithstanding it is often indiscriminate and unjust. It is not confined to the ignorant and vicious. Horace Greeley prayed that he might be delivered in his newspaper work from what he called "those horned cattle, the college graduates." The Emperor Frederick Wil-

liam of Germany; who reigned so briefly but so well that all men lamented his untimely death, shortly after his accession to the throne expressed in a note to Prince Bismarck his misgivings concerning the value of "one-sided efforts to increase knowledge," which he declared brought more discontent than blessing to his people. If one of the greatest of journalists and one of the wisest of princes have shared in any degree this prejudice against the college man, surely the ignorant and half educated may be pardoned for entertaining it. There is certainly some good reason for it, and we need not go far to find that reason. It is found in that selfishness of culture from which arise all those conceits, affectations and impracticable notions which too frequently characterize college-bred men. They pause to pose when the world calls for earnest work and not for a vain spectacle of bookishness.

A few such men discredit the whole body of the educated to which they belong, and on their account some parents are moved to withhold from worthy sons collegiate advantages which if given might redeem many lives from joylessness and sterility.

You will not understand me as giving any comfort or countenance to the Philistine demand for what is falsely called "a practical education."



To all the preachers of that low creed I would say "Get thee behind me, Satan. It is written man shall not live by bread alone." The educational simony which seeks knowledge only as a means of getting gold should be abhorred. God save you from it! God save you from enslaving your higher faculties to the service of your lower natures! God save you from "eating your heads off," from cooking your brains, and frying your minds with a flitch of bacon!

But while yielding no respect to the culture which serves mammon, I give even less favor to the inflated culture which worships itself. While rejecting the coarse utilitarianism of Herbert Spencer, I despise the attenuated dilettantism of Matthew Arnold. "Truly" says Carlyle "the gospel of dilettantism is mournfuller than that of mammonism. Mammonism at least works; this goes idle. Mammonism has seized some portion of the message of nature to man, and seizing that and following it, will seize and appropriate more and more of nature's message; but dilettantism has missed it wholly. 'Make money?' that will mean with all, 'Do work in order to make money?' But 'Go gracefully idle in May-fair.' What does or can that mean?"

Such "culture for culture's sake" is a savorless culture which is good for nothing but to be

cast out and trodden under foot of men. As you love the Christian institution which sends you forth this day with its blessings upon your heads, "turn away your eyes from beholding this vanity," and devote such culture as you have acquired, or may yet obtain, to the blessing of men and the service of the King. Add not one act to the stock of vanity and selfishness whereby popular prejudice is awakened against the higher education, and whereby the gate of opportunity is so often shut against struggling young men who hunger for knowledge.

But selfish culture not only discredits the institutions of learning from which it issues. It injures also the men who selfishly possess it. It diminishes their influence and paralyzes their faith. It begets a cynicism nothing short of intellectual Pharisaism.

This common-sense world of ours wisely refuses to follow any man who lives for himself. Self-sacrifice, by the immovable convictions of mankind as well as by the immutable decree of God, is the condition of wide and enduring influence in the earth. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." Anselm spoke most truly, therefore, when he said "God often works more by the life of the illiterate seeking the things which are God's than

by the ability of the learned seeking the things which are their own." And one who was far greater than Anselm exhorted a church that was in danger of deifying its attainments: "Covet earnestly the best gifts and yet I show unto you a more excellent way: though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." If one will have power with his own or future generations let him know that character goes further than culture, that love outlasts knowledge. It "never faileth; but whether there be prophecies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away."

Few things can be more hurtful to character, as well as injurious to influence, than culture sought for its own sake. The editor from whom I have previously quoted forcibly declares: "Culture thoroughly Christianized—culture pursued for ends of benevolence—strengthens faith, but culture that ends in itself and its possessor is infidel in every tendency. The culture which is pursued for its own sake makes a god of self, and so turns away the soul from its relations—earthly and heavenly—that self becomes the one great fact of the universe. A culture which does not serve God by direct purpose and with loving and

reverent devotion is the purest type of practical infidelity."

And this loss of faith in God is followed by that most unlovely and disgusting form of doubt—cynicism. Doubting God inevitably leads to doubting goodness. What more sorrowful sight can one find than an educated young man out of whose heart all high faith, generous confidence and noble ideals have perished, who sees nothing to admire or reverence, who breathes naught but sneers and speaks nothing but satire, who turns the hope of life into vindictive despair? Better a thousandfold be deluded by the darkest superstition and deceived by the most unsubstantial visions than that one should come to such a state—"without God and without hope in the world." But such is the melancholy fate which awaits every man who devotes his life to seeking culture for culture's sake only. The wisest man whom the world ever saw could not escape this result when he coveted wisdom for wisdom's sake. His desire was granted, but as he grew in intellect his heart hardened and his affections ossified. His mental acquisitions only fired his ambitious and passions, so that as his intellectual riches increased his moral resources diminished. His culture augmented the forces which attacked his purity and his peace, and

weakened the powers which defended his character and happiness. At last in the bitterness of his soul he cried out: "Much study is a weariness of the flesh." "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." And so it is vanity, if selfishness is the inspiration of such study. But the culture which, dedicated to God, joyously bends beneath the law of self-sacrifice is not vanity. It is fruitful as divine love is fruitful, and sweet as the incense which rises from altars of faith.

Such culture is Christian culture. It is transfigured by the touch and glorified by the approval of Him concerning whom the inspired evangelist wrote, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Such was the culture of that man of God, who learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, the most enlightened nation of his times, did nevertheless devote all his powers to the deliverance of a poor and servile people from bondage, on their behalf talked face to face with God, and divinely inspired organized them into the most influential commonwealth which has ever been known on the earth. Such was the culture of that devout pupil of Gamaliel—the only man of our race worthy of being named in the same breath with Israel's great lawgiver—who, catching a vision of his crucified but glorified Lord, laid all his treas-

ures of knowledge at his Saviour's feet, and humbly inquired, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Such culture seeks not its own, but in the fullness of its heaven-blessed and earth-blessing powers exclaim, "I am debtor both to the Greek and the barbarian, to the learned and the unlearned."

This Christian culture is never inflated with pride. In its meekness it inherits the earth. While bearing in its heart the consciousness that it comes from God and goes to God, and that it has heavenly power in its hands, it stoops to wash the feet of the most unworthy disciples of its Lord. It lets its light shine upon men, refusing like the generous sun to shine for its own sake. Meek and benevolent, it doubts not God nor despairs of men. At its approach the commonest bushes burn with celestial fire, and at its command the most hopeless souls arise from their bondage. It walks with its Master on transfiguring heights, communing with the mighty spirits of the past, proposing no tabernacles, however, in which to linger there in selfish ecstasy; but with radiant face descends to acts of mercy among the distressed who cry for its help at the mountain's base.

It is a joy to believe that this culture has taken hold of you and that you have taken hold of it.

I hold the confidences of most of you, yet I can not see the inner springs of your life except as they are manifest in outward conduct. But I believe in the sincerity of your professions of Christian faith, and therefore I rejoice with joy unspeakable that every member of this large class goes forth at graduation a communicant in some branch of the Christian church. Among your number are Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, but no man who is indifferent to all churches. This is surely a remarkable and cheering fact.

Go to your places in the world, to be active forces in the churches to which you belong. Go carry this Christian culture everywhere. Go to the homes of the poor and soften the rigors of their lot by your Christian sympathy and brotherly helpfulness. Go instruct the ignorant, cheer the faint, soothe the sorrowing and bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted. Look upon the fainting, shepherdless multitude with a Christly compassion. Break for their nourishment the stock of food which the Master has placed in your hands. Distribute for their relief without stint and without misgiving. The loaves shall multiply as you break them, and the miracle of the manna shall be repeated before your eyes.

Let your culture be as the generous sunlight and the fertilizing showers, falling like the divine love upon the just and the unjust in impartial loving-kindness. So shall the blessing of him that was ready to perish come upon you, and the smile of the Lord shall be the joy of your souls.

The blessing of God be with you! Through His grace may you be faithful unto death and thus win crowns of life.



## VII.

### MUCH LEFT FOR US TO DO.

(1896.)

You have heard the well-worn story of Alexander, who, when news was brought that his father had taken a city or achieved some victory, instead of finding pleasure in the triumphs of Philip, used to say to his companions: "My father will go on conquering till there will be nothing extraordinary left for you and me to do."

If you who are just now entering upon life will give heed to certain voices, all too common nowadays, you too will become the miserable victims of the same wretched ambition which made this restless Macedonian prince so unhappy. There are many to tell you that you have come to the world too late, that everything worth doing has already been done before you arrived.

They tell us the days of the great orators and the great orations have passed. The world's greatest poem, they say, was written centuries ago, and that such poets as are now left are degenerate specimens of a species which will presently become extinct. They inform us that statesmanship has done its best in former generations and

that nothing is left for present-day publicists to do, except to get office and hold it. They suggest that even the sublime themes of the gospel have become trite, and that the age of the great preachers is behind us.

These sentiments of disappointed and despairing ambition have found ready acceptance in not a few hearts among the cultured classes in recent years. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in "The Parisians" expresses the opinion that if one could poll all the educated young men in England—perhaps in Europe—at least half of them, divided between a morbid reverence for the past and a nerveless curiosity for the future would sigh, "I am born a century too late or a century too soon." And so we find scores of writers discussing the question, "Is life worth living now?" and thousands of readers poring over the pages of these barren discussions.

Let me call you away from such enervating reflections to-day. In the strong, wholesome words of Emerson, I would say to you, "Here you are; that is a great fact, and if you will tarry a little you may come to learn that here is best."

From what noxious root does this fretful and repining ambition spring? Is it the degenerate fruit of a good stock made evil by an unwise cultivation, or is it the poisonous fruit of an essen-

tially bad growth? Why should a man lament the triumphs of his father? Why should a generation bewail the achievements of its ancestors? Why should the richness of our patrimony perturb our peace and discourage our hearts? Ought it not rather to provoke our gratitude, exalt our aspirations, assure our faith, enlarge the area of our efforts, extend the scope of our purposes and widen the horizon of our hopes?

The Macedonian could never have felt such discontent if his ambition had not mounted to a very mania. His heart you will observe was not set on doing the necessary thing—the useful, true and right thing. He wished to do only the “extraordinary.” Selfish vanity was the seed of his surliness. If he had loved his country, or had cared for men, he would have rejoiced in everything achieved for the welfare of Macedonia, or the advancement of mankind, whether the achievement were his father’s or his own. But selfish ambition soured his soul, and eventually he came to look at the kindly stars of heaven with grief, being mortified by the number of worlds which were out of reach of his conquering hand. This made life a hollow mockery to him so that the greatest victories could bring him no satisfaction. The bloom and beauty of manly strength he brushed away while yet

young, and perished as a jaded debauchee before he had lived twoscore years.

It is the same evil spirit which creates the unworthy discontent of the restless souls of the present time. It is no new demon which possesses them but an ancient tempter which has overcome many before, moving them to dwell among the tombs.

At every point in the progress of the race when a great man has appeared and set forward the interests of mankind his contemporaries were indulging this discreditable despondency. When Peter and James and John and Paul were turning the world upside down, there were palsied Pharisees at Jerusalem and languid philosophers at Athens who felt they had no fair chance in life because there was nothing great left for them to accomplish that was not the impossible. When Martin Luther stood up to renovate a decayed Christendom there were thousands of men in Europe who were standing idly around believing that they were hopelessly misplaced in history. When Wesley and Whitefield were calling fire from heaven in the eighteenth century to warm into new life a church frozen by the chill of worldliness until it was too stiff to move, there were hundreds of exquisite ecclesiastics sitting down in the winter of a helpless discon-

tent burning strange fire because they had come to believe the great spirits of former generations had exhausted the celestial flame.

As we look back to those great epochs we wonder at the stupidity of men who thus lost the gift of prophecy by over-absorption in building tombs for the prophets of former days. We are amazed that they could so fervently admire the work of the ages before them, but could not read the signs of their own times, or serve grandly their own generation by the will of God. Why were their eyes so holden? The Divine teacher supplies the answer to the question in his deep saying, "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Their eyes were not single. They set before themselves not truth and duty but spectacular display and vain reputation. They admired the heroes of former generations not for their goodness and greatness, but for their fame, and since they themselves aimed at the fame of heroism rather than at heroism itself, they were capable of only theatric manhood. Present piety and power were therefore lost in adulation of past purity and strength. Wherefore the Pharisees could play at the devotion of David's heroic age but could not discern that

David's Son was among them and that the kingdom of God was at their doors. Thus also the priestlings of Luther's time, while strenuously contending for their succession from the apostles, fell short of every apostolic virtue, and betrayed into the hands of priestcraft the great cause for which Paul toiled and Peter suffered. So again the impotent parsons of the eighteenth century garished the sepulchres of Luther and Latimer while maltreating Wesley and Whitefield, the only real successors of the Reformers in all England in their day. It is ever thus the cowardly human heart extenuates its own paltry meanness by glorifying the victories of "the days of old." It seeks to make up for its own want of worthiness by extravagant admiration of bygone worthies.

We may be sure this disposition to minimize present opportunity by magnifying past achievements does not spring from real reverence of greatness gone, but from an unconfessed scepticism of the reality of any present virtue. It doubts the feasibility of righteousness in its own day and is driven by its doubts to satisfy the imperishable longing of the soul for epic qualities by apotheosizing the heroes of other times. How false and monstrous are such doubts! They

stupefy the mind and suffocate morality. They were able to enfeeble and brutalize one as wise as Solomon even. Hear him after he had imbibed such sentiments: "I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun. \* \* \* \* Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour which I took under the sun. \* \* \* Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive." To one in such a state of mind heroism is but a mythic antiquity, unreal as the giants of which the children dream. The glory of the world is departed,

"The curtain of the universe  
Is rent and shattered;  
The splendor-winged worlds disperse  
Like wild doves scattered."

What can prevent us falling into such doubt and despair? What can cure the dreadful disease if it has already fastened itself upon any of us?

Our security from it is found in the constant renewal of our faith in simple goodness, and the daily strengthening of our confidence in the power of unaided truth as the only instrument to be relied on in clearing the way for the progress of the human race. If we have read history to purpose we must have observed that this plain creed was the firm foundation upon which the

lives of all the great men of the world rested. They incarnated the commonplace principles of righteousness which pigmies and paralytics call platitudes. Their golden deeds were the outcome of that divine alchemy whereby homely truth is transmuted into heavenly character. They fed themselves and the multitudes which followed them with plain things like barley cakes and fishes, because, fearing God and loving men, their hearts were set on refreshing the hungry rather than on making a show of their wonder-working powers, and because they knew that it is by these things mankind live.

Such men feel called to serve their own generation by the will of God, and waste no energy pining for the opportunities of any other age than their own. They feel at home in their own times and raise the most depressed conditions to the level of renown. The man of to-day who drinks deeply of their spirit will not imitate any of them, but he will do his own work so well it will be worthy of association with theirs in the annals of high achievement.

None among us can justly complain of a lack of opportunity in the present age if only we have this elevated spirit. If our times differ in the matter of opportunity from any which have gone before, it is rather in the greatness of the



responsibilities to which we are called than in the smallness of the fields which invite us to service. Oh, the mighty world-involving issues which just now wait for their settlement by the hands of mighty men, brave enough to stand for old-fashioned truth and strong enough to make it triumph over all its insidious foes!

But while these great highest interests of mankind are in jeopardy every hour thousands look this way and that for "a chance," as they call it. They are blind to the chances they have, because they think the problems which confront them are beyond solution, and they despair of solving these great questions because they believe there is something better than down-right righteousness for settling matters of personal and national duty. But it is not deeper insight for which the times call most loudly, but for more reverence for the truth we know and for more faith in the God who made us and who has determined both the time and the place in which we are to live.

In the national council of the Republic there has been little else but dreary droning for a score of years or more, not because men lacked ability but because they lacked singleness of purpose and elevation of aim. Now and then, however, there have been scenes in which reappeared the

greatness of former days. Not to carry you into the contentions of the political market-place, but to illustrate and enforce the truth which I seek to impress upon you to-day, let me refer to one such scene. It was in the United States Senate in the early spring of 1878. A great issue of national policy was under consideration. A Southern Senator had been instructed, by the Legislature of the State which he represented, to vote against his own convictions of duty to his people. The debate was drawing to a close when he sent to the clerk's desk to be read the instructions which he felt bound to disobey. After the reading he arose and said: "Between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. I cannot pass it. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak; my life alone can tell it. My gratitude for all the honor her people have done me no words can express. \* \* \* During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist in the education of more than one generation of her youth, to have given the impulse to wave after wave of the young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of her social and political life. Upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth is better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons

confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faithful or unfaithful, to my people. My duty as I see it, I will do; I will vote against this bill."

And that Senator was a son of Emory College, brought up in this quiet village and nurtured at these holy altars—Lucius Q. C. Lamar, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. Forbearing to express any opinion concerning the correctness or incorrectness of his views of the measure involved, I do commend to you his example. And I cannot refrain from saying that if the great issues which agitate the public mind to day were more commonly approached by our public men in the same noble manner, those issues would be more easily and wisely settled, happy prosperity would displace frowning adversity, a new generation of statesmen, great as any who have gone before, would appear, "commanding the applause of listening senates, despising the threats of pain and ruin, scattering plenty over a smiling land and reading their destiny in a nation's eyes."

I do commend to you therefore with all my heart the simple but sublime creed, "truth is better than falsehood, honesty is better than policy, courage is better than cowardice." There was never yet an age which was not a golden age if there were enough men living in it who be-

lieved in their souls this noble confession of faith. And there was never an age which did not offer the fullest opportunity for high service to any elect spirit who was minded to walk and work by this golden rule. In the periods which have been most blighted by drifts of commonplace, or blasted by wastes of weakness, or parched by heated wickedness, one such man appearing has been instantly recognized by grateful multitudes "as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." One such man arrests the dreadful drifts of nefarious custom and stays a nation from its ruin. One such man makes faith in goodness and confidence in its feasibility easier to all his contemporaries! Would that at least one such man might arise from among you whom Emory sends forth to-day! Would that the great God might anoint every one of you for such high service in your time.

How sadly the times are calling for such service! The multitude waits for leadership. In the complex, confusing conditions which confront the people they long to hear some heavenly voice speaking to them with authority and directing them to safe and pure ways. It is not

an echo of their own cry which they long to hear, nor a weak agreement with their mutable moods that they desire. They wish the strong guidance of a divinely led leadership. They wish direction from a courage braver than their own and from an intelligence wiser than their wisdom. They yearn for some one to go before them whose life is anchored to eternal truth and who brings to bear upon the world that now is the powers of the world to come. They wait for one to go before them who in the secret places of the Most High has been touched with unearthly influences, and who walks thenceforth with the strength of the life that is "hid with Christ in God." They are ready to welcome the man who knows how to walk alone because he has learned to walk with God.

I cannot truthfully say to you such a life is easy. It is not. Alas! how hard it is! How companionless at times. How lonely! But it is safe. Before it, goes the pillar of cloud and of fire. Angels encamp round about it. I may say of it what one said who perceived, if he did not illustrate in his own life, the beauty of Christian heroism, when he drew its picture full length in the character of Algernon Mordaunt, and over its fair form broke forth in these rapturous words: "What-

ever be its creed, whatever be its sect, from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise—virtue is God's empire and from His throne of thrones He will defend it. Though cast into the distant earth and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, are enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it, the banners of the archangels are on its side, and from sphere to sphere through the illimitable ether and amid the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of the Creator."

## VIII.

### LIFE DREARY WITHOUT GREAT MOTIVES.

(1897.)

George Eliot says, "What makes life dreary is want of motive." The saying points to a great truth but it needs amendment. What makes life dreary is not utter want of motive, but lack of high motives.

Every life is subject to motives of some sort, but multitudes are impelled by such paltry motives that they go grovelling through the world without dignity or power.

If I were called upon to point out the source of most of the weakness and wickedness of the world I would direct attention to the waning power of the great heroic motives over the lives of men. Many dwell in mephitic regions of earth-bound purposes until all dignity is suffocated, and all sublimity of life perishes. It is not possible for elevated manhood to survive in such an atmosphere. Scepticism of the very existence of real nobility of character eventually arises if such an air is long inhaled, and the worst symptom manifest in the social system of to-day is this scepticism. It is visible among all

classes; the habits of our private life and the methods of our public service alike proclaim its presence.

It is manifest in the bearing of men and women in social intercourse. Stateliness of deportment has given place to smart, pert manners, and dignity of bearing to a vulgar familiarity, at once coarse and coarsening. Becoming behavior is ridiculed as an affectation. How could it be otherwise? Eloquence is but grandiloquence to a clown, and a serious, noble carriage is but social Pharisaism to the boorish. Vulgarity inverts Peter's vision and calls the holiest things common and unclean.

The lack of sympathy with the great motives is manifest also in the literature which is most popular. The masters are neglected and the masterpieces known mainly in parody. The buffoon ranks the philosopher, and the mountebank displaces the prophet of the Most High. Comedy reigns everywhere. "Puck" and "Judge" determine national elections, and serious publications are derided as the peculiar treasures of dull visionaries and doctrinaires. The lyceum has given place to the circus, and the clown having doffed the grotesque garb of the Merry Andrew appears *en regle* on the lecture platform. Nay, more, he fears not to enter the pulpit and offer to the



worldly the amusement of the theatre comique under the name of preaching. Royalty of speech is despised while the jester goes upon an imposing progress, everywhere welcomed by the plaudits of the populace. This universal frivolity is the sign of degeneracy already begun, and the prophecy of still further decline. Nor will the evil stop with the vulgarizing of manners, the decay of literature, and the depravation of public speech. It will proceed, if not arrested by the incoming of the great motives, to the undoing of individual and national character, and to the injury of the most serious interests of the country. The every-day duties of men and nations can not be discharged in the absence of high purposes. Even our material civilization is perilously exposed, if it be not garrisoned with high sentiment and lofty ideals.

Wherefore on this your day of graduation, as you go away from the altars of a Christian institution, I do adjure you in the name of our country, whose brief history palpitates with the epic spirit and is filled with heroic traditions, in the name of our holy religion which honors man by meeting him in the altitudes of his being, that you empty your hearts of the trivial, and make room for the great motives.

Sublimity of character must come from sub-

limity of purpose, and the humblest man walking in the most circumscribed place can, and ought to, live sublimely. Disraeli forcibly declares, "Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power." I do not call you to come away from plain work and common duties, but to breathe, while in the midst of such engagements, inspirations from the heights of manhood. Beautiful and suggestive is the sonnet of Mrs. Browning, entitled "Work and Contemplation."

"The woman singeth at her spinning wheel  
 A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarolle;  
 She thinketh of her song upon the whole,  
 Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel  
 Is full, and artfully her fingers feel,  
 With quick adjustment provident control,  
 The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll  
 Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal  
 To the dear Christian Church—that we may do  
 Our Father's business in these temples mirk,  
 Thus swift and steadfast; thus intent and  
                   strong,  
 While thus apart from toil our souls pursue,  
 Some high calm spheric tune, and prove our  
                   work  
 The better for the sweetness of our song."

To the humblest task the man of mighty motives advances keeping step to martial music.

He who "knew what was in man," and "spake as never man spake," teaching as "one having divine authority," did not hesitate to bring to bear upon the simple tasks of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick and the imprisoned, the most tremendous motives conceivable by the human mind. When he would enforce these homely duties he carried his hearers forward to the end of time, stood them among the sublime disclosures of the Judgment Day, in the presence of the gathered nations, and before the shining hierarchy of Heaven, and urged them to brotherly kindness by the rewards and penalties of the eternities. He never appealed to slight or selfish motives to secure fidelity and persistence in even the lowliest concerns. He knew how inadequate are such motives to secure either usefulness or happiness. He knew how belittling to man and how paralyzing to character they are. And since he was concerned to raise every man to be a partaker of the divine nature, he called all men to act from divine motives.

Most men are appointed to obscure service in our world, but this does not mean that they are excluded from participation in the highest

inspirations, or from fellowship with the loftiest spirits. Hard indeed would be the lot of the common man with his common duties, if his heart were doomed never to know the exhilaration of high purposes, and if his life were destined never to be transfigured by the incoming of heavenly powers. Such hardship has never been laid upon him by the Divine Father, nor will it be. In our poor world a Galilean peasant's robe has been made to shine with supernal whiteness, his sad countenance more radiant than the noonday's sun, while in Hermon's solitude, he held high converse with the mighty spirits of the past, and heard the approving voice of the invisible God. Standing on that lofty peak his kingly face caught the glow of the dawn of a better day for the toiling millions in life's vale below and called them from the bondage of the commonplace to fellowship with the saints in light.

As I call upon you, therefore, to come into this high communion, I do not call you away from life's plain, hard work. Education is not to exempt men from toil and set them apart to ease and honor and public station. Rather I do call you to deeper devotion to the inconspicuous toils which Providence clearly assigns to most of you. I would not, by slightest hint or syllable or tone, divert any of you from the work to which

God calls you, be it in public or private place. But because I love you, and know the hardships and dangers of public life, if I could choose for you with reference to your comfort, I would hold every one of you to walk "Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife along the cool, sequestered vale of private life." When I have read such poems as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" I have wished for a life whose biography might be writ in "the short and simple annals of the poor," and I have coveted a grave at last where I might lie down among God's forgotten children—forgotten by the world but not by Heaven—and sleep until "the breezy call of the incense breathing morn" of the resurrection should draw them from their lowly beds. When I remember the precious privacy I once had and the cares these years of public toil have brought me, I sometimes feel as if I had "once lived in Heaven and straying had lost my way." You will not misunderstand me, therefore, when I say I could wish God might appoint you to the sacred services of private life. But into it I would have you carry the highest motives. They are not out of place there. There they would not make your life seem stilted and affected, but would rather glorify it. They would give to you vigor and movement and dignity. Hugh Miller

was no more than a stonemason as men saw him, but how grandly he thought and toiled! As one has said of him: "He found Jesus Christ in every lamina of the earth's crust; and as with faith in his heart and the iron in his hand, he toiled among the old red sandstone, he saw the fossil flora of his own Scotch hills tipped with tongues of flame and the fauna rigid with the stress of prophecy. It was if the blood of Calvary had stained and informed with meaning the insensate mass in which he wrought; or as if he were with a divine instinct hewing away the stone from the door of sepulchre where the ages had laid his Lord."\*

Open your lives to these great motives and you too shall be strong to think, and to labor—and best of all strong to live; for strong living is better than strong thinking or strong working. The mere position which you may occupy while thus living is a matter of little consequence.

Some may say to me to-day, "Are you not making life too serious for these young men?" I answer, I wish to make it serious. An inspired Apostle wrote to the Bishop of Crete, "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded." There be many in this age of flippancy to seduce you from sobriety of mind. Be it my part to

\*"Gold Foil," by Holland.

sound again in your ears the oft repeated strain,

“Life is real, life is earnest  
And the grave is not its goal.”

Ah, my boys, I may go further and say life has a touch of sadness in it—a majestic sadness like that which rests upon the face of a homesick pilgrim sojourning in a foreign land. But it is better that this shade should fall upon the manly features of noble youth, lending dignity and charm to them, than that the divine image should be overlaid and obscured by the hideous grimaces of folly or the light lines of frivolity. I would not bring a needless, or premature, shadow over the souls of any of you, but I would have fall upon your hearts the transcendent light of the upperworld, until the poor lights of earth should seem to cast shades about you.

And this leads me to conclude my remarks to you to-day by saying, the source and strength of all high motives you will find in the religion of Jesus Christ, who from the Nazareth home to Calvary's cross showed to men a life of self-sacrifice, always “about the Father's business.”

I began with a quotation from George Eliot. Let me close with an incident from her life. “I remember,” says Mr. F. W. H. Myers, “how at Cambridge I walked with her once in the Fellows Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy

May, and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as a text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet calls of men—the words God, Immortality, Duty—pronounced with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable was the second and how peremptory and absolute the third. Never perhaps have stern accents so affirmed the sovereignty of personal and uncompensating law. I listened and night fell; her grave and majestic countenance turned towards me like a Sibyl in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one the two scrolls of promise and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fate.” Poor misguided woman, listen to thy own words “What makes life dreary is want of motive,” and where is left basis for great motive if God is not and immortality is a lie?

Dreary, dreary, who can say how dreary and motiveless is the life bounded by time and sense! How desolate is the life from whose consciousness God has faded! Can words be more painful than the words of the late Prof. Clifford: “The Great Companion is dead.”

But God is not dead, my boys. I do not leave you in the lonely wood to-day, in which Robert Elsmere felt himself going blind to the dearest



visions of his youthful faith. With the voice of God's prophet I pray for you, "Open the eyes of the young men." If you will but look up you shall see the heavens as of old are full of horses and chariots of fire. God is still alive. Never was His presence more manifest nor His purposes more clearly revealed in the ongoing of events than at the present time. The plan of the ages seems bending towards its culmination. That "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves" seems drawing nigh. Epochal events follow rapidly upon each other. Lines of benevolence penetrate further the regions of human want, and the shadows are lifting off all lands. "It is daybreak everywhere." It is not an hour for doubt or despair. Throw open your hearts to the incoming of the great motives, and you shall feel your souls refreshed as with the dewy tonic of the breath of the morning.

"Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive,  
But to be young is very heaven."

You are not come to stumble aimlessly and hopelessly upon the dark mountains. "But ye are come unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all

and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new Covenant." Here among this shining throng would I leave you, with the words of one ringing in your ears who moved always under the highest motives.

"Wherefore seeing ye are also compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith."

## IX.

### DO THE HIGHEST WORK YOU CAN.

(1898.)

In one of the serious moods which sometimes possessed him, Sydney Smith said: "Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best." In laying upon you the parting injunctions of your *Alma Mater* to-day, I can not do better than make these words the text of my remarks.

Every man comes into this world under a law of God and nature which requires that he shall work. Labor is not a part of the curse which followed the fall. Divine wisdom could not make Eden itself enjoyable without requiring that the first man should dress it and keep it. And the heaven of heavens is not filled with idle minstrels, but ministering spirits, active in errands of mercy. Nevertheless there be those who lazily covet exemption from toil as if the acquisition of such an exemption were Paradise regained, or angelic bliss attained.

We hear much talk of "labor-saving machinery" and there are some who look upon the higher education as a sort of machinery to escape toil. There is, or ought to be, no labor-saving machinery nor any culture which is sought to escape work. Machinery ought not to save labor, but it should make labor more productive, and education if good and wholesome really multiplies the power of a man to toil effectively. If invention should become so ingenious as to devise machinery whereby the whole race could be maintained in luxury by the work of one hour in the day, it would not be allowable for mankind to spend the rest of the day in idleness. God works and He needs nothing. The Master whose hands were horny with the use of a carpenter's tools said "My Father worketh hitherto and I work."

The law of labor is founded not alone in the needs of our physical nature, but also in the requirements of our mental and spiritual parts. Idleness destroys happiness, corrodes the mental powers and corrupts the moral nature. The degenerative force of luxury upon men and nations is doubtless traceable to the fact that it most commonly leads to indolence. Burton in his famous work—"The Anatomy of Melancholy"—describes the causes of melancholia as

found mainly in idleness. He says: "Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil's cushion, his pillow and chief reposal."

In the light of these reflections I rejoice that necessity, as well as duty, constrains every man of you to enter upon a life of industry, as you step forth from these academic walks. None of you, so far as I know, has inherited enough of earthly goods, or is likely to inherit enough, to secure a life of ease without labor. This is not your misfortune, but your blessing, for which you ought to be thankful. If, however, you imagine that collegiate training is a substitute for the wealth you have not, and that it does, or should, open to you a life of toilless trifling, our labor for you has been in vain and you will dishonor the degrees to which you are admitted to-day.

Let none of you account his diploma a commission authorizing indolence, but consider rather with Thomas Carlyle that "the modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament and he always consults his dignity by doing it." It was a great eulogy paid by Alexander to the Persians, whom he had conquered, when he remarked of them that they seemed to believe

that nothing could be more servile than a life of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil. I commend to you as worthy of all acceptance their noble creed.

Believing that you accept the doctrine of the essential obligation and necessity of labor for every man, I advance to the second proposition contained in my text, that "every man should be occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable." No man can do the highest work if he is only capable of the lowest; but many men waste themselves in doing lower work than God designed for them. This is a sin which may easily beset a certain type of educated men. Their superior attainments make the lower work comparatively easy, and they turn away from the more strenuous tasks to which providence calls them that they may engage in effortless enterprises in which success is easy. They sometimes go so far as to praise this betrayal of their trust with the names of modesty, simplicity, and even saintliness. They are assisted in holding these flattering and false views of themselves by the eulogies of misguided, or faithless, friends. And so you often hear an educated man saying, "I have nothing to do with the public's interests. I leave that to demagogues and place-seekers." And so

the public service is robbed of the best intelligence, that culture may at private shrines burn incense to itself, or pharisaically thank God it is not as other men.

I say to you to-day that you are bound to seek until you find the highest work of which you are capable, and then to do that work with all your might. In this I make no ignoble appeal to your vanity and pride. The doctrine I would enforce may lead some of you to very humble tasks. Be it so. If such tasks are the highest work of which you are capable, with them you ought to be content, and for them you ought to be thankful. Pliny tells us that in the best days of Italy generals returned in triumph from war to follow contentedly the plow, and I am informed our own gallant General Fitzhugh Lee can lay a corn row or lead a cavalry charge with equal success. The worth of a man consists not in the elevation of the place he occupies, but rather in filling well the highest place of which he is capable.

But you will ask me, "How shall I determine the place for which I am fitted? how shall I discover the work of which I am capable?"

No inquiry can be more important. Most men who fail in life fail because they are misplaced. A pervasive sense of dislocation steals over the faculties of a man who has missed

his work in this world, which at first disheartens and afterwards destroys him. If he be in a place lower than that for which he has capacity, his work becomes tasteless and tedious; he becomes disgusted with life, envious of the successful, cynical and censorious. If, on the other hand, he occupy a loftier sphere than that for which he has capacity, there comes upon him a humiliating sense of weakness and incompetency. Then follows a state of consciousness akin to that of a man who obtains goods under false pretenses—a suffocating consciousness of insincerity and pretense, by which all self-respect is utterly stifled.

It were better never to have been born than having been born to wander out of one's place. It were better never to have come into the world than to miss one's way in passing through it.

But how shall one find his way? How shall he find the work of which he is capable?

I answer he cannot miss it if he honestly, sincerely seeks to find it. It would be enough to drive one to infidelity and despair, if God had not made this question easy. Think of it. It is a question one must answer for himself, early in life, when as yet he has no experience of his own, and can use the experience of no one else. Will the God of life, who permits us to come through this world but once, make such a question under



such conditions so difficult that the chances of a wise decision are all against us? I tell you nay. Every attribute of His loving, fatherly nature declares that all the chances shall be in our favor.

You cannot miss your way therefore if you will accept God's guidance. Thousands have failed, and thousands more will fail, because they refuse the light of the divine direction.

Men talk of a choice of a profession, and when I asked a friend to suggest a line of reflection for this hour, he advised me to speak to you on the choice of a profession. I say to you to-day you have no choice in the matter. "The choice of a profession" is a phrase of godlessness pointing to a life of selfishness and a death of shame. You are called to some work, higher or lower, I know not what or where. As you love life and fear God, find it, but do not try to choose. The great Horace Bushnell at first chose to be a lawyer, but he left himself open to guidance, and God led him into the pulpit. Writing of the matter a half century afterwards he said, "As I look back on the crisis then passed, it seems very much like the question whether I should finally be. No other calling but this ministry of Christ, I am obliged to feel, could have anywise filled my aspirations, or allowed me sufficiently to be." The principle would equally apply, if he had at

first inclined to the ministry of the word and then have been drawn into the law. Our first great duty is to find the work in which we can *be* the most. A man can only *do* his best in that work in which he can *be* his best. His life and his labor must be of one piece, as seamless as the Saviour's robe.

In seeking your place, first of all, put aside all considerations of vanity, pride or ease. Such considerations will inevitably blind and mislead you. They are elements which will deflect the needle to the destruction of him who holds the compass. There is but one question, "What is the will of God concerning me?" Saul of Tarsus chose his profession at first. He chose to lead the life of a Pharisee, and to bear the commission of the Sanhedrim as a defender of the Judaistic faith. Where would that work have landed him? It would have doomed him to an ignoble career than which the fate of Jonah would have been more tolerable. One day as he went to Damascus a light, above the splendor of the noontide, broke upon him, and a heavenly voice called him. Before the brightness of that vision, and at the authority of that voice, he fell down humbly inquiring, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Placing thus his life at the divine disposal, his subsequent work was not a

matter of choice, but of appointment. It led him by strange, but sure paths—through Arabian deserts and over storm-tossed seas, through the streets of Corinth selling tents and into the jails of Phillipi singing songs, through Caesarean prisons and into Roman cells, but the journey was full of joy and its end was in triumph. And what a work he did along the way! That wandering Jew, whose life was at God's disposal, made a new world. His thirteen letters have done more for civilization and mankind than all the letters of Cicero and Seneca. A constant comfort and strength came to him, from the fact that he felt himself working out his part of a divine plan, with a glorious history already accomplished and a more glorious future still to be fulfilled. The majesty of the movement, of which he felt himself a part, inspired his zeal and concentrated his powers.

The method which he fell upon in finding his life work is good for all men, everywhere, for all time. The God of Paul is not dead nor His providence obsolete. He directs the flight of the sparrows that flit about our homes and as tenderly notes their fall as he cared for the sparrows that found their house and the swallows that made their nests about the temple in old Jerusalem. He guides and guards us as truly as He led Israel in the wilderness.

But yesterday a God-fearing man who declined all titles but the plain word "Mister" passed away. The civilized world felt bereaved by his departure, and eulogies were poured out upon him. But Sir William Vernon Harcourt told the whole story in simple, eloquent words when he stood up in the House of Commons and said: "His heart was ever with the weak and miserable poor, and his one aim was to brighten their lives." Lord Rosebery said of him: "The first feature of his intellect was his enormous power of concentration." Back of that power of concentration was the sense of a vocation. This made William E. Gladstone the greatest man of his century. He chose no profession but discharged faithfully the tasks to which God appointed him.

It is in the same spirit, and by the same method, you are to find your work. A company of young recruits you come upon the field. You are not lost to the sight of the Captain of your salvation. Your place is marked out for you beforehand. His couriers of providence and grace are even now at hand, with the orders which assign you to your position. Hear his commands. He has conducted this holy war for generations. His troops have always won. He foresees all that is to come. He knows where you can do the most.

He will lead you to victory. He has had you in this training-camp to prepare you for high service. Disappoint not His purposes concerning you.

No generation ever came to its work amid more inspiring conditions than those which surround you. Epoch-making events are coming to pass daily. The most wonderful chapters in the history of our land are being wrought out. Our country is being solidified and united as never before. God is massing and moving the forces in America for the final conquest of the world. Nay, more, the English-speaking world is drawing more closely together than ever before. What mean these great, far-reaching facts? Do they not shed backward a light which reveals the unbroken continuance in our day of that "increasing purpose" of God which has run through all the ages? Do they not foreshadow the rapid approach of that "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves?" The bugle is calling the Christian men of the English-speaking race to fall in line for the final charge for the conquest of the world for God and righteousness. Any worthy work prosecuted in a noble spirit will forward this conquest. Find your place in the army and stand nobly to your duty even unto death.

No one can say what is before you, and no one need say. It is not necessary nor best for you to know. But go to your places and stand faithfully in your lot to the end of days. All will be well at last. Some of you may come up at the end from the furrows of agriculture, some from the quiet work of the schoolroom, some from the weary rounds of the physician, some from the consuming toil of the mechanic, some from the contests of the forum, some from the engagements of the pulpit, some from obscurity and pain, and some from the high places of honor and distinction. God grant that you may all come with His approval upon you. God grant that whether you come with shining faces, with the undimmed beauty of youth still upon you, or with cheeks all furrowed with sorrow and care, bearing the marks of age and grief, you may come saying "I found my place and did my best." How glorious is the beauty of youth dying for God and for the right at the gates of the morning! How sacred is the aged hero, after years of faithful service, fallen down dead at the gates of the closing day! Together they walk with laurels upon their brows in the palace of the King.

There may I meet you every one!

PART II.  
SOME HIGH LIVES.

In all the world there is nothing so remarkable as a great man, nothing so rare, nothing which so well repays study.—*Theodore Parker*.

Great men exist that there may be greater men.—*Emerson*.

There was never yet a truly great man that was not at the same time truly virtuous.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

Ever their phantoms rise before us,  
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;  
By bed and table they lord it over us,  
With looks of beauty and words of good.

—*John Sterling*.

For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.—*Shakespeare*.

There never was a great man unless through divine inspiration.—*Cicero*.

I have all my life cultivated a deep and abiding sense of the importance, sanctuary and authority of truth. If I could reach my ideal, it would be an absolute surrender to it as the law of my life, to be severed from it by neither temptation, interest, passion, nor ambition.—*L. Q. C. Lamar, in United States Senate*.

No man in the world ever uttered a word of criticism upon the purity of his character, the elevation of his views, or upon his devotion and his courage.—*From tribute of Senator Hawley, in United States Senate, in memory of Senator Colquitt*.



## X.

### LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, ORATOR, STATESMAN AND JURIST.

(Address at the funeral of Justice Lamar, in Mulberry Street Church, Macon, Ga., January 27, 1893.)

From the home of his boyhood, from the academic groves where his youth was passed and where in after years he loved to wander, from among those who honored him earliest and who loved him to the last, I have come to pay a tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead, and to voice on this occasion the love and esteem that his *Alma Mater* felt for him.

Emory College proudly and tenderly held him the most honored of her sons, and mourns him to-day with the anguish of a doting mother's grief. When he was sixteen years of age he came to her adoption, and was matriculated as a member of the Freshman class of 1841. Four years he worshiped at her altars, learned at her feet, and when in the class of 1845, he went forth from her halls with Pierce and Hardeman and John J. Jones and Flewellen and the rest of his comrades, he went forth as a strong man pre-

pared to run the race of honor and renown, which closed when he fell on sleep in this city last Monday night.

That race he ran with patience, with constancy, and with great usefulness. He served his country before the Civil War as an instructor in the faculty of the University of Mississippi, as a member of the General Assembly of Georgia, and as one of the representatives of the State of Mississippi in the Federal House of Representatives. He was a member of the State Convention which passed the ordinance of secession by which Mississippi withdrew from the Union; a member of the Confederate Congress; the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment for a time; and was appointed by Mr. Davis envoy to Russia. Subsequent to the war he represented Mississippi in the lower house of the National Congress from 1873 to 1877, when on the 6th of March he took his seat in the Senate of the United States, to which high trust the State of his adoption had called him by his election in January, 1876. On March 7, 1885, he began his labors as Secretary of the Interior, under the first administration of President Cleveland. On the 6th of December, 1887, he was nominated by the President to succeed Hon. William B. Woods, as a member of the Supreme

Court of the United States, and on January 18, 1888, he took his place in that high tribunal. In every position of public trust he served with honor to himself and with profit to his country.

This in brief outline, is the story of the distinguished career he has run. And now at its close, speaking as one who loved him, and for the Christian institution at which he was educated, I am not extravagant when I say, that in his character there is no fault which it is necessary to minimize to-day, in his public utterances no speech for which to apologize, in his life no act that requires explanation or defense.

Beyond the brief outline which I have given, it does not become me in this presence to recount the record of his long and conspicuous public labors. Of his distinguished services in peace and in war, at home and abroad, in the lecture-room of the university and in legislative halls, in the Cabinet and on the Bench, there are many here who have far more perfect knowledge than I have. With the details of that stainless record which he made between his graduation in 1845 and his coronation in 1893 you are familiar. Many of you were actors with him in the history of that dramatic period.

Speaking for his *Alma Mater*, who loved him with a mother's love, and whose love he returned

with all the ardor of his fervent nature, it is my office at this hour to recall the traits of his sublime character by which he won and held the admiration of this great nation, and by which he endeared himself especially to the people of the section to which he peculiarly belonged.

From his youth up Judge Lamar was a man of courage. He had the courage of his convictions because he had convictions. All the traditions of his college life (and the village of Oxford is full of them) represent him as being, from the first, an honest seeker after truth and a fearless defender of it.

Very profound are the words of Jesus: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." There is no freedom worthy of the name which is not freedom by the truth, and for him who seeks and finds and loves and holds the truth, there is neither fear nor bondage in this or any other world.

For a public man living under a constitutional government by the people, there can be no worse fall, nor dire disaster, than the loss of faith in the feasibility of the truth. When he loses this faith he instantly becomes the unhappy victim of tormenting fears, which paralyze his manhood, and impel him to the adoption of all manner of unworthy and belittling expedients to maintain

his place and power. Then follows incapacity to recognize the truth. His eye is no longer single. The light which was in him becomes darkness; and how great is that darkness! Fightings without and fears within subvert the heroic repose of lofty character, and the devices of the temporizer displace the methods of straightforward, manly independence. Such was not Mr. Justice Lamar. His whole life seemed to speak the sentiment of Emerson's words: "I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character." This high faith simplified all questions which he was called to consider, disentangled all issues from the influence of personal interest and political expediency, and left him free to determine the line of his action by great principles of right, from which with him there was no appeal. This faith was the basis of his unfaltering courage in the discharge of public duty. He believed in the power of the truth over the people, and with almost reckless self-abandon dared to follow the truth as it was given to him to see it. For this cause more than once he took positions and made public utterances which imperiled his popularity—as for example when he resisted certain theories of the national currency, which were at one time widely prevalent, but with which he could

not agree. When assailed, he took his appeal to the people, not with the methods of a skillful manager, but with the daring of an honest man moved by the impulses of conscious rectitude. And the people when they heard him in defense of his action approved him.

It is not necessary, and perhaps not proper, to discuss on this occasion the correctness or incorrectness of the views which he held of that matter of public policy; but it is surely allowable to call attention to the manly and brave manner in which he maintained his convictions and to commend his example as one worthy of all acceptance.

That he was ever animated by the spirit which I have described, none who knew him well, none who are familiar with his record, will question. I recall with great vividness his eloquent commendation of this faith to the young men of the country in the summer of 1890, when he delivered the annual address before the Alumni Association of Emory College. He alluded to his long experience in public life at the national capital, and to the prevalent opinion that other influences than those of right and truth oftentimes control there, and said substantially this: "After all is allowed that can be justly claimed concerning the influence of money and management upon

the determination of national affairs, I have always observed that when great questions call for solution, and high interests are at stake, manhood and truth and right outweigh all opposing forces. Devotion to principle is not yet a vain thing in the Republic; virtue is not obsolete in the councils of the nation." Such an utterance, from such a man, should rebuke the unmanly despair to which many are so strongly tempted, and should quicken the courage of all the young men in our land. If the eloquent lips, upon which rests the seal of silence to-day, could speak to us, would they not again proclaim this high and simple creed of political faith: "Truth is better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. Truth is omnipotent and public justice certain?"

Judge Lamar was a wonderful orator, cogent in argument, elevated in sentiment, elegant in diction, fervent in appeal, graceful in manner and impressive in bearing; but I can not help thinking that much of his eloquence was the efflorescence of his heroic devotion to the truth. This devotion invigorated his reasoning powers, fired his imagination, warmed his affections, and elevated his language. It exalted all his powers and rendered him almost irresistible in public discourse.

Eloquence is far more dependent upon moral conditions than upon any other. An unworthy nature cannot rise to the highest heights of oratory. If a base nature ventures to employ the forms of such noble utterance there is instantly observed such a manifest discrepancy between the speaker and the speech as to destroy even the semblance of sincerity. The attempt brings only confusion and humiliation. Eloquence is the soaring of the eagle and not the fluttering of a ground bird.

In thus tracing his eloquence to sources in his moral nature, I do not underestimate the mental powers of Justice Lamar. They were extraordinary, amounting indeed to real genius. Few men in our day have combined such varied intellectual powers in such a marked degree of excellency.

He possessed a marvelously retentive memory. In the course of the address at Emory College, to which allusion has been made, he reproduced with almost perfect accuracy passages from sermons and addresses delivered in his hearing during his college days from 1841 to 1845. A debate between two distinguished Georgians, his classmates, which he heard when they and he were Sophomores, was recalled with microscopic fidelity. This uncommon power of recollection was



no small factor in the triumphs of his public life. It enabled him to compose without writing his powerful addresses, and deliver them as they were composed, without change, or loss of an idea or word.

Along with his retentive memory, he possessed phenomenal powers of reasoning and imagination. In their combined flame the most intricate matters were dissolved and analyzed, and themes apparently the dullest glowed with the luster of the most precious metals as if purified from all dross by the heat of an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe.

Withal he had the habits of a student and an investigator. It is quite possible that some of his most intimate friends did not fully appreciate his powers in this direction until he was called to a place in the Cabinet. It is certain that some had misgivings as to his adaptation for the mass of details which falls upon the Secretary of the Interior in our system of government; but the whole country is witness to the fact that he discharged the duties of that high office with unusual efficiency and success. And despite the physical disabilities under which he has labored almost from the beginning of his work as a member of the highest court of the Republic, I am told, that he has exercised the same habits of sustained application which characterized his career as a Cabinet officer.

But while fullest recognition is to be made of this rare combination of mental traits, the crowning glory of this truly great man is found in his moral characteristics of unfaltering courage and invincible integrity. For nearly half a century, during stormy days, when passion was fierce and partisanism was bitter, he served his country in high public station; and yet to-day as we lay him down to rest in the soil of his native State, no one can truthfully say as he goes to his long sleep, that he was ever charged with the slightest dishonor. Through the fiery furnace of a long public life, during which the country was convulsed and corrupted by a civil war unparalleled in the history of nations, he walked and came forth without the smell of one unworthy deed upon his garments.

What persistent force of virtue worked in this strong man's life to bring to pass so lofty an achievement of character? Was it subjection to a potential public opinion? Nay verily. His virtues frequently outran and defied public opinion. No conventional power of a weak conformity was his, but rather all around him he gave forth a transforming influence which made for righteousness. He poured forth no ambiguous voices in the market-place that he might gain the fleeting plaudits of a day. He was strong enough

and brave enough to be a voice crying in the wilderness, unblessed of popular favor, in order to prepare the way of a higher life and a more enduring prosperity for his country.

Was he controlled by a far-seeing worldly wisdom? He was a man of foresight and could on occasion, when his public acts seemed to meet with popular disapprobation, say: "I know that the time is not far distant when they will recognize my action to-day as wise and just; and, armed in the honest convictions of my duty, I shall calmly await results." But even in such expressions of clear foresight we catch the tones of his uncalculating fidelity to principle. His prevision was by the far-seeing eye of virtue's seer.

Was he a man of cold, stoical nature, proud of the power and glad of the opportunity to show his contempt of popular praise or blame? No. He was an affectionate, tender, sensitive nature, who loved to love and be beloved by his people. It grieved him to differ with them; but it would have killed him to surrender truth to win their applause.

It was not one, nor all of these qualities combined, which controlled him. In early life dwelling in the atmosphere of a Christian home and a Christian institution of learning—an atmosphere

saturated with heavenly influences—his open, manly nature imbibed principles of devotion to right and truth which were dearer to him than all earthly good, dearer than life itself. It was the incarnation of these tonic influences in a robust manhood which teaches the world once more to-day the lesson, so hard for some to learn, that virtue does not need to “stoop to conquer.”

Toward these sacred influences his heart turned more and more, with unspeakable tenderness, as the years passed. The memory of his boyhood's home and its religious impressions were increasingly dear to him in later years. In these last days his heart turned toward the religious experiences of his college days as a thirsty flower opens to the dew of the morning. In the pure heights of those youthful experiences were hidden the sources of the artesian streams which irrigated all of his career and made it to bloom with unfading virtues when scorching temptations withered the honor and parching winds blighted the fame of less faithful men.

And now at last, this stainless gentleman, this astute statesman, this incorruptible judge, this humble Christian, has gone to his long home and the mourners go about the streets. Multiplied thousands in every walk of life and in every section of his country bless his name to-day with

tearful benedictions. Mississippi, the State of his adoption, mourns for him as her Chevalier Bayard, the idol of her heart. Georgia, his native State, who in his long absence has never ceased to love him and to wish him back home, presses her dead son to her bosom with unutterable sorrow, disconsolate as Rachel refusing to be comforted. All the nation mourns this knightly man, who lived without fear and died without reproach. Men of all parties lament him as a patriot whose lofty devotion to the country knew no narrow sectional limits, and whose loyalty to truth was affected by no partisan bias. All men mourn him as a brave, brotherly soul by whose life the sum of human goodness was increased, and by whose death the stock of earthly virtue is visibly diminished.

Over the river, however, there is rejoicing while we weep, as some, who went before him long ago, welcome the weary pilgrim home. Longstreet, his friend and teacher and almost father, greets him there. The patient Christian mother has found again the dutiful son for whom she has waited these years, and the son has found the mother whose sweet face was enshrined in his heart and memory through all the days he has walked without her in the earth.

Thank God that he has lived and labored

among us! Thank God for the triumph he has won, and that at last, when he could do no more for his country and his race, he was permitted to come home to die!

Sweet be his sleep, in his sepulchre on the banks of the Ocmulgee, singing sadly to the sea, until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor any more pain!

## XI.

### A. H. COLQUITT—THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

(Remarks at the funeral of Senator Colquitt in Macon, Ga., March 29, 1894.)

To-day we bury out of sight the mortal remains of a most extraordinary man. No common man could have achieved what Senator Alfred Holt Colquitt has accomplished.

For more than forty years his people have loved and trusted him, and now he falls to sleep the best beloved son of this commonwealth. Once he declined office, but he was never defeated when he asked the suffrages of his countrymen.

The people are good judges of men. The masses do not long continue to give their confidence to a man unable, or unworthy, to serve them. They may be captivated for a day and give favor where it is little deserved, but the reaction comes, and they punish with vindictive indifference, or scornful indignation, the objects of their misplaced confidence. But this man they have honored with unwavering trust for nearly fifty years. He was a very tribune of the people. Few men in our day have shown more ability to arouse the people and attach them to his fortunes.

What did they find in him to enthrall so perfectly their admiration and love?

It was not by the captivating power of bold and original thinking. In church and state he took pride in standing for well-accepted doctrines, and he was the implacable foe of novelties. The old safeguards of constitutional liberty, the old Bible, and the old-fashioned religion were dear to his brave heart.

He was intellectual, but the strength of his mind was put forth in the defense of well-known truths rather than in the formulation of new theories. He ennobled even the simplest truth with the royalty of his devotion and the dignity of his utterance.

At last had not this feature of his character much to do with his winning and holding the confidence of the people so long? The masses very wisely trust with most confidence, not the man whose mind puts forth new and subtle presentations of supposed truth, but the man to whom well-accepted principles are dear as life. The truth which men really need to know is not so difficult of apprehension as many suppose. We can always know what is right, and he is most worthy of trust to whom the homeliest virtues seem most sacred and heroic. As Emerson truly



says, "the world is upheld by the veracity of such men. They make the earth wholesome. They who live with them find life glad and nutritious."

Such a man was the good man whom we mourn to-day. With Kingsley he believed "the first and last business of every human being, whatever his station, party, creed, capacities, tastes or duties, is morality; virtue, virtue, always virtue. Nothing that man will ever invent will absolve him from the universal necessity of being good as God is good, righteous as God is righteous, holy as God is holy." He elevated the tone of public life in this State during the days when he went in and out before his people. For this they trusted him, and they were right.

For this further reason also they loved him. He was rich in broad, human sympathies. He loved the common people with a true heart fervently. With him it was not the affectation of the demagogue, but the spontaneous affection of a noble soul, permeated by the spirit of the Divine Man of whom it was said "the common people heard him gladly." Descended from patrician stock, well educated at one of the greatest universities of our country at a time when educated men were less common among us than now, early possessed of the leisure and comfort of a wealthy

planter, had he been less great he would have been more exclusive, despising, or coldly condescending to the common people. But great and true-hearted as he was, he loved them and bestowed all his rich gifts on efforts to serve them. None were beneath his brotherly kindness and tender consideration. The lowliest were his especial care. But yesterday a venerable minister gave me, in tearful accents, an account of how this princely man, away back in the fifties, walked as guide and friend among his slaves in Baker County, teaching them the Word of God.

Much has been said in disparagement of the type of civilization which prevailed in this section of our common country before the war. It was doubtless open to fair criticism at many points. But when we see the fruit of it in such men as our lamented friend, knightly and Christian in an unchivalrous age, we cannot justly refuse to acknowledge that it had many excellencies also.

Although he adapted himself to the changed conditions of our times with graceful compliance and was the ardent friend of all true progress, he was nevertheless to the last a gentleman of the old school. And how admirably he exemplified that sublime type of manhood!

“The elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, ‘This is a Man.’ ”

Gentle and brave, humble and loving, daring and tender, he illustrated in public and private life, in peace and in war, the noblest traits of mental power and moral worth.

It is but just to say that while he was not unknown to the masses of his people before the war between the States, he greatly endeared himself to them, and increased his reputation with them, by the brave part he bore in that contest. They could not count it a small or ignoble thing that he, like the brave sons of Israel of whom Deborah sang, “jeoparded his life in the high places” on their behalf and in support of their sentiments. The blood must first be corrupted in their veins before they can hold such services cheap, or neglect to reward them with honor. That one should face death daily for four long years at the bidding of his people is no small thing, and the fidelity which has been tried so as by fire may not be lightly esteemed.

It was therefore not strange that his people, when the war was over, honored him with the highest trusts they had to give. Twice they called him to the office of Governor, and twice they commissioned him to sit as one of Georgia’s

representatives in the highest council of the nation, if, indeed, I may not say of Christendom. And he never disappointed their confidence. Through weary months he has fought disease with one hand, and, with the other, served with efficiency his people. His conflict and his constancy have been full of pathos. How earnestly, how tirelessly, how carefully he has toiled for them to the end, and, amid his work, laid down at last when he could go no further. And now that he has fallen on sleep, how spotless is his record!

He has lived during a time when vast fortunes have been easily acquired. He has been placed where a less scrupulous man would have grasped large wealth. But he has died poor. I think he was a little proud of his poverty. The last time I saw him he told me, with evident enjoyment, of the jocose greeting of a Western senator, who, meeting him a few years ago at Hot Springs, Ark., grasped his hand cordially and said, "I love to shake the hands of you old-fashioned Southern senators. You are poor as church mice and honest as the noonday." I trust it is not improper to say, I wish we may be always delivered from too thrifty statesmen.

What a noble spectacle was there! An aged man who had spent upwards of forty years in

his country's service, now worn by disease and straightened in circumstances, but radiant with cheerful smiling honor, undisturbed by poverty, undismayed by disease, fearless in the face of death! Surely, the powers of the world to come had gotten hold of him and lifted him to a serene height of Christian repose, far above the corrupting influence of the powers of the world that now is. This was indeed his case, for after all we may say of his many excellencies, his crowning glory was his Christian faith and life. A distinguished jurist said to me yesterday, "He seemed to be a Christian by nature." He had no patience with a captious scepticism nor toleration for a patronizing condescension towards the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him it was the holiest verity of life. In the storm of war and in the calm of peace he walked with God. Religion sat naturally upon him, as in charming humility and sublime simplicity he stood in his place among men. The simplest forms of faith were his especial delight. On one occasion I went with him to address a religious assembly. In the order of the exercises, I spoke first. When I had finished my remarks, and just before he rose to address the meeting, the choir sang one of the sweetest hymns of Watts. It seemed to fill him with holy rapture. When he rose to speak his handsome face shone with supernatural brightness, his

lustrous eyes were filled with tears and his utterance was choked with emotion, as he said impulsively: "Oh, how I love that song! It was my mother's song. And to-day if I could hear her sing it again I should have greater joy than if I heard all the choirs of heaven."

"Alas and did my Savior bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die!  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I."

That was the song they sang. Because his Savior bled and died that men might live, this noble man has found at last the eternal home and the "vanished hand" for which he sighed. Now at last he hears again the sound of the voice that was hushed so long ago.

When the inspired tinker of Bedford jail watched home his Christian soldier and saw him within the gates of pearl with them who walk in white, he said with a sob that cries even in the printed page—the sigh of the homesick—"which when I saw I wished I were among them." Who among us to-day, after watching this grizzled old soldier home, as he has been fading away from us these months, does not feel as he goes within the gates and meets again the loved and the lost, "I wish I were among them."

## XII.

WILLIAM P. HARRISON, D.D, LL.D., DEVOTED  
SCHOLAR AND CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

(Funeral discourse delivered February 10th, 1895, in  
Columbus, Ga.)

“Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?” (II. Samuel, 3:38.)

These are the generous words of King David in praise of his fallen enemy Abner, whom the treacherous Joab had slain. With far more justice may we apply them to the great man whose memory we honor with funeral rites to-day. His character and his labors justify us in calling him “a prince in Israel.”

He was born at Savannah, Ga., September, 1830. His collegiate education, which was never finished by graduation, was had at Emory College, among his college-mates being Hon. Thomas Hardeman, Hon. J. J. Jones, Rev. Dr. J. C. Simmons, of California, and the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar.

At the age of nineteen he joined the old Georgia Conference. Subsequently he was a member of the Alabama, the North Georgia, the Baltimore, and the South Georgia Conferences,

according as his appointments as an itinerant preacher carried him from place to place. He served every sort of pastoral charge—missions, circuits, stations and districts. For a time he was president of the Auburn Female College in Alabama. In December, 1877, he was elected chaplain of the House of Representatives of the United States, which office he held for four years, serving at the same time as pastor of Mt. Vernon Place Church, in Washington, D. C. He succeeded the lamented Dr. Thomas O. Summers as Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, May, 1882. In this place he served for twelve years with distinguished ability. Twice he was elected Secretary of the General Conference, the highest council of his church.

While he did not finish his college course, he never ceased to be a student, and for years ranked among the most learned men of his day.

The busy cares of the pastorate did not prevent his doing an unaccountable amount of literary work. When called from the pastorate to the editor's chair, he imposed upon himself additional burdens of authorship. He was the author of a number of volumes of profound thought, great erudition and captivating style.

That so much could be done by one man in a



life no longer than his, and done so well under circumstances often so adverse, is a wonder. Truly he was a great man. He lived well. He died well.

“Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart’s true home, will come at last.”

Rest has at length come to this tireless toiler; to this gentle scholar the darksome night has passed. This man of martyr mould has found his heaven, “the heart’s true home,” at last.

For more than three-score years he waged a truceless warfare against ignorance and sin, for truth and God, never resting from the strife till the Chief Captain called him from the fray.

If the force of a life may be measured by the obstacles which it overcomes, the momentum of this man was extraordinary. What mental power, what strength of will, what moral resoluteness must have been his, who unbefriended by the powerful and little aided by the schools, fought his own way from ignorance to the highest points of culture, and before middle age was reached

stood the peer of the foremost men of his church and country.

In the best sense of the word he was a self-made man, as every man worth the making always is.

Be it understood, when I say he was self-made, I mean that he made a man—not that he won a place. There was nothing of the place-seeking spirit in his nature; he made himself competent, and places sought him. Without straining he filled all places full to which he was called, and however elevated his station, no friend ever feared he would fall below public expectation. In this view of his life it is worthy of the careful consideration and imitation of the young men of the country. He did not hurry into prominence by skillful manipulation of men and influences. And yet he was early conspicuous, and never grew less under the public gaze. We do not need to go far to find the explanation of the case: He made himself fit for the highest service, and the world, which is never overstocked with capable men, gave him all the work he could do—often more than he ought to have undertaken, in view of his lack of physical strength.

There is no worse sign of our times than the impatience of ambitious young men who pine for position without enduring the pains of preparing

for the places they covet. No greater danger threatens church and state than the greed of small men for office, unless it may be the facility with which many of them obtain it. It is not simply that hereby the noblest interests often fall into incapable hands; the worst result which arises from such a state of things is that a generation grows up without faith in the feasibility of the truth or the availability of virtue. When charlatans seem to succeed and demagogues parade in purple, the moral currency of the realm is debased, and all ethical values are confused. If, at such a time, a man of genuine merit appears, compelling, by the purity of his life and the excellency of his attainments, the recognition of his people, his very presence purifies the atmosphere and makes the earth wholesome again. It was such a service Dr. Harrison rendered the young men of his generation.

He affected no eccentricities of genius. His friends could claim for him what Cecil said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "I knew that he could toil terribly." Without unusual powers of physical endurance, he toiled so assiduously and effectively, that when he died it could be truthfully said of him, no man in Georgia equaled him in varied and useful learning, and no superior survives him in the South. In the language and liter-

atures of both the ancients and moderns, in the sciences and in philosophy, and most of all in the knowledge of God's Word, he was a master—"a workman needing not to be ashamed."

Let no man depreciate the value of such high service to the world. A mercenary people in a materialistic age may easily indulge the delusion that such services are of little worth, and the loss of such a man an event of small account. Waiving all higher considerations, passing over the fact that a nation's greatness does not consist in the volume of its currency nor the bulk of its accumulations, it remains true that without the services of such men, even the material prosperity of the world would perish, not to speak of its intellectual power. Where were your commerce if the astronomers had not measured the heavens and set signboards in the sky to guide its feet in straight paths across the trackless sea? Who but a thoughtful teacher, by his skillful hand of invention, called your great Southern cotton crop into existence, transfiguring your old red hills and clothing them in white? Who but a patient chemist conjured the iron from your hills and laid it in rails for the passage of the swift wheels of your trade? Who but the silent workers on the spirit laid in high principles of right, justice and freedom, which without them had found no

abiding-place in the hearts of men, the foundations of this mighty government which shelters and shields all your great industries? We have been fed, not by our bakers and butlers of commerce, but by our Josephs interpreting to us our dreams, and driving gaunt famine from our doors by the penetration of their judgments and the foresight of their visions. The ark of the covenant which has guided man from paganism to civilization, from poverty to plenty, from superstition to religion, has been carried by the stainless hands of high priests of piety and intelligence who, watching and following God's pillar of cloud, have led us from the house of bondage into a land flowing with milk and honey. They have gone ahead of a cowardly commerce and a timid diplomacy, spying out lands which the worldly-wise have declared unconquerable, and returning bearing grapes of Eschol in their hands, rebuking our despondency by the courage of their faith and curing out faint-heartedness by the hopefulness of their lives. Impassable seas knew them at their approach and the obsequious waves, out of reverence for their work, parted at their coming, making a dry path for their passage and for the passing of the people who followed them. Swollen streams ceased their flow to let them go by, and walled cities

fell down at the call of the stirring notes of their silver trumpets.

It is such an one as this we bury out of sight to-day. Lovingly, faithfully, courageously he toiled for us all, and every man's task is easier because he went before us. Knotty problems he solved for us without reward, deathless thoughts he gave us without price, and noble inspirations, which made all our burdens lighter, poured generously from his learned lips out of the mere love of helping men.

And with all how simple he was, how unpretentious, how modest, how childlike! None of us were ashamed to disclose to him our ignorance, for he never overwhelmed us with a show of his knowledge. We felt no disposition to conceal from him our mental poverty, because he helped us so cheerfully and ungrudgingly from his bounty.

As a lecturer, he excelled, clothing the dullest themes with beauty and transforming the most uninteresting subjects into the most engaging themes. On one occasion I heard him address a mixed audience on ants, with such simplicity and and yet with such affluence of knowledge and beauty of diction, that the unlettered and the learned of his auditors were alike enthralled with

his discourse, all breaking into applause when he sat down.

But above and beyond all his gifts and attainments, must be reckoned his power as a preacher. The pulpit was his throne. He was no posturer nor phrase-maker. He was no novelty monger. He dealt in the staple doctrines of the gospel; he was no peddler of homiletic notions. With calmness and humility of manner he announced his text and proceeded to expound it in the plainest and simplest English. There was no effort at display nor straining after effects; but as he proceeded his mind began to glow and his words to burn. Doctrines were fused to a white heat; light and warmth were communicated to the hearts of his hearers; saints were comforted; sinners were convicted; penitents were converted; the Holy Ghost fell upon all; the people met the Lord, and going away said, "Behold how our hearts burned within us as he talked with us by the way."

What a minister of consolation he was! a very Barnabas! Surely he was a prophet who could say: "He hath anointed me to speak a word in season to him that is weary." He loved the themes which most soothed wounded hearts. His voice was attuned to condolence. His heart had paid the hard, high price which all must pay who enter the high-priesthood of consolers of the sor-

rowing. With the apostle he could say: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

Like the Captain of our salvation, he was made perfect through suffering. Hundreds of men and women all over our land will feel anew the griefs his healing hands have touched, when they know that the kindly hands are folded at last over the loving heart, now pulseless and still forever.

Would he were yet with us to charm our grief to rest! Would that some healer of souls, skillful as he, were left among us to pour a soothing balm into these wounded souls! How he would open to us the Scriptures! How he would point us to the land beyond the sea!

"The land beyond the sea,  
Oh! how the lapsing years,  
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,  
Have borne now singly, now in fleets, the biers  
Of those we love to thee,  
Calm land beyond the sea.

"The land beyond the sea,  
How dark our present home,



By the dull beach and sullen foam  
How wearily, how drearily we roam;  
    With arms outstretched to thee,  
    Calm land beyond the sea.

‘The land beyond the sea,  
    When will our toil be done?  
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run  
Into the gold of that unsetting sun;  
    Homesick we are for thee,  
    Calm land beyond the sea.”

And there he is. I cannot wish him back, though grievous is our loss. I know what learning has left us, and what saintliness; what patience and what faith have faded from our sight. I know what gentleness as a husband, and what tenderness as a father, have been taken away. I know what generous friendship has closed its eyes to beam kindly upon us no more until the earth and sea shall give up their dead. I know what means this seal of silence resting upon the lips of our Chrysostom. But grievous as is our loss, I would not call him back to the sorrow which had become the habit of his heart, to wasting disease, to pitiful, unavailing struggle with decay.

While we sorrow here our noble friend is spending his first Sabbath in the Paradise of God. He will not wake to-morrow to another long day of pain, to another weary week of wishing he could get well and go to work again. He is well now, and it has been a long time since we could say that of him. Well again, and at work, it may be, where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain.

### XIII.

#### HEROISM IS NEVER IN VAIN.

(Address delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives in Atlanta, May 13, 1901, on the occasion of the delivery of Crosses of Honor to Confederate Veterans by the Daughters of the Confederacy.)

The occasion which calls us together to-day could scarcely be possible in any other land. Such occasions will not be possible in our own land a few years hence. The survivors of the memorable struggle for Southern independence are rapidly passing away. All of them will soon have passed beyond the hearing of our praise or blame.

When they shall have gone there can be no more like them. They and their cause sprang from a people who can never be reproduced, and hence there can be no more armies like those in which they served. The earth may run red with blood, but from the veins of neither the present nor the future generations can there flow ruddy currents warmed by such impulses as throbbed in the hearts of the men who followed Gordon and Johnston and Jackson and Lee to battle.

The contest in which they were engaged was

not a struggle for the perpetuation of African slavery. The majority of the Southern people never owned slaves. Most of the soldiers of the Confederacy went forth from homes in which a slave never served an hour. African slaves were brought to the American colonies in the ships of Old England and New England; no Southern vessels ever brought them to these shores. Southern colonies, like Georgia, for example, prohibited their importation, and the constitution of the Southern Confederacy, palpitating with the same spirit, denounced and outlawed the slave trade.

This greatest of modern wars was a contest over great principles, and on this account such sectionalism as is implied in the terms "North" and "South" differs from every other form of sectionalism among the American people. "East" and "West" suggest only commercial rivalries; but "North" and "South" raise images of great ideas struggling for the mastery in a strife as far above the bickerings of trade and the competitions of the market-place as the eagle in his sunward flight soars above the groveling ground bird catching insects for its sustenance.

Divergent if not antagonistic views of civil liberty were contended for in the convention which framed the Federal Constitution. The

colonists had descended, however, too directly from the champions of local self-government in England, had drunk too deeply of the liberty-loving spirit of their English ancestors, and had sacrificed too much for freedom in the new world, to surrender easily in the convention the independence which they had won with difficulty on the field. Hence the advocates of States' rights in that historic body outnumbered and overcame the members who desired a centralized government. Concessions and compromises on minor points were made to secure harmonious action; but the paramount issue of the sovereignty of the States was never for a moment compromised. If the provisions of the Constitution had encroached on the sovereignty of the States its adoption and ratification would have been impossible. This fact is put beyond all dispute when it is remembered that New York, Rhode Island and Virginia coupled with their ratifications of it the assertion of the right of secession, and yet the validity of their ratifying acts has never been denied or even questioned. At a later date Texas was admitted to the Union on the same terms without objection to them. Moreover at every national election for the first thirty years of the life of the Republic, the people at the ballot-box reaffirmed this view of their Constitution whenever

the issue was raised. Thus the fathers of the Republic from the time of Jefferson to the second election of Monroe, when "the era of good feeling" dawned because the sun of federalism had set—thus, whenever challenged, the fathers of the Republic who were present at its birth, solemnly and repeatedly testified to the original nature of the government that was born under their eyes. They invariably affirmed that the Union created by the Constitution was not the obese absorber of the rights of the States that composed it, but the lithe and potent defender of them.

This spirit of the fathers lingered in the South. Innovators and innovations were not popular here. The Southern people were conservative both by nature and habit. In matters of religion they believed the Bible to be the inspired and sufficient rule of faith and practice while politically they held that the Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, was the final standard of right between the several States and the Federal Union. By consequence the Southern churches were not prolific of heretics, nor the Southern States productive of agitators of "the higher law."

When, therefore, such men as Mr. Sumner and Mr. Seward denounced in the Senate of the

United States the decisions of the Supreme Court, and when immediately following these denunciations, a national party elected a President, on a platform which declared that the judgments of this highest tribunal of the nation were not binding on the country, the Southern people justly said, "Since the Constitution, which created the Union, is set at naught, the Union which it created is violated and the liberty of the citizen can only be preserved by maintaining the reserved rights of the States." They resorted to the argument of force because the party which had seized the government declared it would no longer yield to force of argument.

The Southern States seceded not because the Union was not dear to them, but because the Union of the Constitution was despised and rejected by their Federal associates. Just because the South loved the Union, and held dear the rights which the Constitution of the Union guaranteed, the sons of the South went forth to battle. Every ancestral tradition and every national memory impelled them to enter the bloody combat of the field when their enemies trampled under foot the bloodless victories of the forum. Putnam and Greene and Washington in 1776 made it absolutely certain that Gordon and Jackson and Lee would come in 1861. In truth the

armies of the Revolutionary War have had no such successors as the armies of the Confederacy, nor can they ever have. The issues involved and the men engaged were wonderfully alike.

Lee, like Washington, commanded almost no conscripts, and absolutely no mercenaries. The troops of both were of the flower of the country. If overcome by superior numbers and made prisoners of war, all of them could speak English to their captors. If slain in battle they were buried beneath the sod of their native land with the English Bible on their bosoms and the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty graven on their hearts.

Washington and Lee were both men of prayer and both commanded men of faith, and not soldiers of fortune. It was not an accidental coincidence that the proper observance of the Sabbath in the Continental army was enjoined by Washington's order and that Lee and Jackson worshiped the God of their fathers with their men about the campfire. It was the persistence from sires to sons of undying moral life and imperishable religious principles. The chivalry of the Crusaders and the psalms of Cromwell's Ironsides were not more natural nor more sublime.

Said I not truly then that there can be no more troops like those who are represented by the surviving veterans whom we honor to-day? As we



grasp the hand of each of them we may say as David said of Goliath's sword, "There is none like it; give it me."

And surely it is in order to say a word of cheer to these men before they go hence and be no more. Let me, therefore, say to them what the inaudible utterance of this occasion declares: Veterans, you and your comrades did not suffer in vain. You are entitled to this assurance. Truth confirms it; justice demands it, and the future will vindicate it. By these words is not meant to reassert the right of secession, nor to intimate the hope of a new Confederacy. Those issues are settled, and for one I am glad they have been finally adjudicated.

But while secession will never again be resorted to as a remedy for wrongs inflicted upon a sovereign State, and while no second confederacy of the Southern States will ever again arise, the ultimate ends at which you aimed in a great measure have been accomplished, and will yet be more fully achieved.

No State will ever again secede, but neither will local self-government ever again be so ruthlessly invaded. Men of all parties and of all shades of opinion are coming to see that he who tramples on a State maims the Union; that he who would dim the light of one of the stars

would diminish the glory of the whole constellation.

The ongoing of that Providence, which sooner or later rights every wrong and avenges every injustice, is making it more and more manifest that the strength and perpetuity of the Union are dependent upon the freedom and power of the States that compose it. Every added inch of national territory so increases the strain upon the general government that men are beginning to see the structure must crumble unless the augmented weight at the center is distributed. "States' rights" are thus being exalted to "States' duties."

And when our people realize in all its full significance the deep meaning of the duty of the States, they will draw their noblest inspiration, for the discharge of that duty, from the example of self-sacrifice set by "the men in gray of the sixties."

First of all, your spirit will long keep the "South solid," and it is very necessary to the well being of the Union that the South should remain solid for a good while to come.

It is commonly said that the "race problem" solidifies the South. In a political sense, and to a certain extent this prevalent view is doubtless correct. But in a much higher sense and in a far

greater degree the South is solidified not by the pressure of an exigent situation, but by the power of glorious memories and the influence of epic history. The people of the South, more than the people of any other section of our country, are one in heart and action. A common ancestry, common faith, common customs, common joys and common sorrows bind them together as a great family. The blood of our slain on a thousand fields is the cement which holds the living together in bonds too dear to be easily forgotten or heedlessly broken. You veterans are holy ligaments, still strong though worn with years and fretted with infirmities, which bind us to our fathers and to each other. And I repeat it, the Union requires that the South remain solid. Our country is filling to overflowing with men of various races, divers tongues and conflicting traditions. If at last they shall all be fused into one homogeneous, harmonious Americanism, all will be well. Otherwise they will pull down the very refuge of liberty in which they have taken shelter. The solid South with its heroic conservatism is required that this process of fusing be accomplished without the loss of the true American type. These uncommercial sentimentalists under Southern skies must preserve their traditions and stand together lest the American birthright be

bartered away for some imaginary advantage of temporary success or for some profitable expedient of fleeting policy. Some section of this great country must remain as the home of fixed principles or this great nation, allured by the delusions of greed, or beguiled by the seductions of ambition, will go to wreck as many nations have thus gone to ruin before it. Let the South be this home of immutable truth. Where else can be found a better home for such a sacred deposit than in the land where the people still believe the Bible is the Word of God, and that unconstitutional acts are really unlawful? Where if not here, where men bled and died for this simple faith, shall religion find a resting-place or constitutional freedom a refuge?

• The heroism incarnated by you, veterans, and by your fallen comrades, refreshes our confidence in humanity and revives our faith in the feasibility of civic righteousness. You have not lived in vain nor suffered in vain. Let no man recall the precious blood that was spilt and the noble lives that were sacrificed in your glorious campaigns, with the cold, calculating, faithless question, "Why this waste?" There has been no waste. Blood like that is never poured forth as a futile libation. Like the perfume from the alabaster box of the woman in Simon's house, its

fragrance penetrates even to the soul, quickening fainting virtue into new life and inspiring patriotism to fresh endeavor.

For observing our memorial days the Southern people are sometimes upbraided by partisans whose heated passions have consumed their powers of clear thought, and who mistake the blaze of hate for the glow of patriotism. But surely every thoughtful person must perceive that it is best for this country—for the whole country—that we continue to revere the memory of the men who died for their convictions and ours. When the South turns away indifferently from the humble mounds beneath which her devoted sons are sleeping, her living children will have learned the degrading lesson that to die for one's country, to die for one's convictions, is at best a blunder to be forgotten as speedily as possible, and not an act of courage to be honored forever. How could any reliance be placed at a time of national peril upon a people grown to be so base?

The nation was thrilled at the outset of the Spanish-American war by the sight of Southern youths, and even Southern veterans, springing forward for the defense of the flag of our common country. Such a sight would have been impossible, if Confederate memories had been despised and Confederate history spit upon dur-

ing all the years since 1865. Visions of heroic sires inflamed the courage of gallant sons. Men who since the war between the States have struggled through orphanage and poverty inflicted by Federal arms looked on faded gray jackets pierced by minie balls, gazed on dented swords and rusted muskets, and were fired to patriotism by those holy relics of illustrious fathers. They dared not be less than brave men in the presence of such sacred treasures. The graves of Confederate dead, never neglected by Southern women, are the best fortifications of the Federal Union in the South. The inspiration which these mounds yield is one of the most enduring and invincible defenses of our national government. In sacred history we read of how after the prophet Elisha had died and had been buried, his sepulchre was opened to receive the body of a dead Moabite, and that when the man was let down and touched the bones of the prophet he revived and stood on his feet. Similarly virtue lingers in the graves of our Confederate dead, and to those shrines must our fainting patriotism repair for refreshment and revival through all the years to come. He who would level those mounds out of sight, or who begrudges the flowers of the springtime for their garnishment, does not truly love the Union, but only hates his fellow countrymen,

hating them even unto death and beyond the grave. Perish from the earth this diabolism of sectional animosity! Hushed be every voice but that of patriotic brotherly kindness when we stand by the tombs in which heroes sleep waiting the resurrection of the just!

And, veterans, these crosses of honor with which fair hands decorate you to-day speak not alone of past valor or present honor. They prophesy and will produce a harvest of heroes in the future. Hand them down, therefore, to your children and children's children as priceless heirlooms. Hereby you will bless your country, as well as perpetuate your own memories.

When the noble Bruce, hero of Bannockburn, had died, his heart was extracted, and encased in a silver casket was entrusted to Sir James Douglas to be carried to Jerusalem for burial. Douglas was killed fighting the Moors; but before he fell, he loosed the silver casket from about his neck, and throwing it amid his fierce assailants, exclaimed: "And thou brave heart of Bruce, go first in fight as thou wast wont and Douglas will follow thee and die." Sleeping at Melrose to-day is the body of Douglas with the heart of Bruce beside it.

So, veterans, shall these crosses of honor, the testimonials of pure women to brave men,

quicken the courage and inspire the patriotism of your posterity. Press them to your hearts and they shall become infected with courage. Hand them down to your children and they will create contagions of nobility to the latest generations. Hard pressed in the conflicts of the great future, which holds for our country struggles the magnitude of which no prophet can exaggerate, heroic sons now unborn will throw these sacred relics amid hosts of advancing foes, exclaiming: "Dear memorials of ancestral worth, go before us and we will follow or die." If at last the right is to perish from the earth, if civil liberty is to expire, and patriotism to die because nothing but death is left to it, if your sorely-wounded descendants bearing these crosses on their breasts cannot reach with their treasures the goal of our hopes, as Douglas could not reach Jerusalem with his sacred trust, they will bind them to their hearts and be buried with them by their sides. Afterwards, in some far off, nobler age, they will be exhumed to preach with mute eloquence the high and holy doctrine that self-sacrifice never fails; that heroism is never in vain; that heaven and earth may pass away, but heroes live forever.



PART III.

THE EDUCATION FOR HIGH LIVING.

Education is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them.—*Ruskin*.

In order to make education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. It is necessary that it should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts.—*Guizot*.

There must be a moral substratum to a child's education to make it valuable, and there is no other source from which this can be obtained at all comparable with the Bible.—*Huxley*.

Any system of school training which sharpens and strengthens the intellectual powers without at the same time affording a source of restraint and counter-check to their tendency to evil, is a curse rather than a blessing.—*Victor Cousin*.

Education should be as broad as man.—*Emerson*.

Culture merely for culture's sake can never be anything but a sapless root capable of producing at best a shrivelled branch.—*John Walter Cross*.

How empty learning and how vain is art.

But as it mends the life and guides the heart.  
—*Young*.

## XIV.

### THE ONLY SAFE EDUCATION.

(The substance of an address delivered at several points in Georgia during the year 1897.)

Some years ago the Emperor William of Germany declared that there was too much education among the Germans.

Somewhat to the same purpose is a recent utterance of Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University. Writing upon the defects of "Modern Education," he deprecates the idea, "almost universal among our people, that education in itself and for all human beings is a good and thoroughly desirable possession." Contending that this idea is fraught with "social and political peril," he says: "Education means ambition, and ambition means discontent. . . . We see on every hand great masses of men stirred by a vague dissatisfaction with their lot, their brains addled and confused by doctrine that is only half the truth and vaguely understood, yet thoroughly adapted to make them ripe for the work of the agitator and the enemy of public order. . . . Such education as these possess can never qualify for any serious role; it only

makes for grievous disappointment and a final heart-break. Nor is there any moral safeguard in a limited degree of education. Quite the contrary. It only makes the naturally criminal person far more dangerous, converting the potential sneak-thief into the actual forger and embezzler and the barroom brawler into the anarchist bomb-thrower. Statistics lately sent to Congress in a veto message show the fact that in our prisons the proportion of the fairly educated to the uneducated is far larger than among an equal number of ordinary citizens."

The Kaiser and the Professor agree that education, to be safe and useful, must be confined to the few, and ignorance must rest on the masses. As the Romanists believe concerning the Bible, that it is not to be trusted in the hands of the vulgar herd, so these hierarchs of culture would reserve education to an aristocracy, lest the common people be blasted and blighted by too much light.

If their conclusion were sound, it would still be of no value. It comes too late. The common people of Christendom have too much education to be content with less. They will demand and receive more. No decrees of Kaisers nor wails of illuminati will avail to keep knowledge from them. Romanistic views with regard to both

education and religion are spent forces. Education may be a Pandora's box from which, curiosity having opened, all blessings have irrevocably escaped, hope alone being left to men; but the deed is done, and, truth to speak, the masses of men do not regret the opening of the box, whatever may be the results. Men do not care to live in a paradise if it is to be a "Paradise of Fools."

And yet there is truth in the conclusion of the Emperor William and Prof. Peck. A man or a nation may have too much education by having the wrong sort of education. Sir Archibald Alison, author of the "History of Europe During the French Revolution," noting the increase of depravity with the spread of knowledge in France, said: "It is not simply knowledge, it is knowledge detached from religion, that produces this fatal result. . . . The reason of its corrupting tendency in morals is evident—when so detached it multiplies the desires and passions of the heart without an increase to its regulating principles; it augments the attacking forces without strengthening the resisting powers, and thence the disorder and license it spreads through society. The invariable characteristic of a declining and corrupt state of society is a progressive increase in the force of passion and a progressive decline in the influence of duty."

Doubtless throughout the United States—throughout Christendom—during the century now nearing its close, there has been too much education of the sort which “multiplies the desires and passions of the heart without an increase to its regulating principles,” which augments the forces which attack virtue without strengthening the powers which resist evil, and thereby much disorder and license have been engendered. Hence the belief of many wise and good people that our civilization is marked by the characteristic feature of a “declining and corrupt state of society”—“a progressive increase of the force of passion and a progressive decline in the influence of duty.” When were men more passionately tenacious of their rights and more indifferent to their duties? When was the idea of liberty more warmly asserted and the idea of self-sacrifice more tepidly accepted?

But the remedy is not less knowledge, but nobler knowledge; not less education, but a higher kind. A poultice of ignorance will not draw out the dangerous inflammations which afflict and imperil the social system, even if the patient were disposed to submit to its application. The cure will be found, if found at all, in Christian culture. Christendom must choose between the education which casts down every high thing

which "exalteth itself against the knowledge of God" and brings "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," and the education which imparts merely the knowledge which "puffeth up," and which results in that anarchic wisdom which knows not God and loves not man. And this choice cannot be long delayed.

Sometimes one fears the American people have already made choice, preferring secular to Christian learning.

The common schools, being institutions of the State, are necessarily neutral in religion. So also are the thirty-four State universities. The State can not answer any of the following questions which are fundamental to our religion: Has God made a revelation; and if so, is it found in the Bible? Who was Christ? Was the work of Martin Luther and his companions the work of reformers restoring the true faith, or the misdoings of renegades destroying that faith? These and a score of other questions of prime importance State schools can not properly discuss.

Besides the State schools, there are many secular institutions founded by individuals. The greatest gifts to colleges and universities yet made in America have been by men who have preferred to propagate secular rather than Christian culture. Witness the gifts made and insti-

tutions founded by such men as Stephen Girard and Leland Stanford. Are men of the world willing to put more money into their unbeliefs than Christian men are willing to put into their beliefs?

There is one cheering sign. If the Christian colleges of the United States are not the richest, they are the most numerous and influential. Christian colleges hold about seventy-five per cent. of all the college instructors and college students in the country.

No church in America undertakes to get along without its own colleges, except a Cuckoo sect which accomplishes the same end by occupying, as far as it is able, institutions originally founded by other churches.

The people called Methodists have from the first founded schools, and to-day in the number of their educational institutions they lead all other denominations in the United States. The birth year of Methodism was 1739, and in that year John Wesley laid the cornerstone of the Kingswood school. From that institution came Adam Clarke—in himself fruit enough to justify its planting. In 1784 American Methodism was organized at the Christmas Conference in Baltimore, and at that Conference steps were taken to establish Cokesbury College.



The General Conference of 1796 introduced into the Book of Discipline "a plan of education recommended to all our seminaries of learning." It is evident the schools of the church had so multiplied during the twelve years which had elapsed from the projection of Cokesbury—the years of poverty and hardship which followed the War of Revolution—as to require some uniform system or "plan." The same General Conference deprecated "the separation of the two greatest ornaments of intelligent beings: deep learning and genuine piety." Every General Conference from 1796 to 1894 has avowed the educational function of the church and insisted on its vigorous exercise.

Mr. Wesley and his followers, in undertaking the work of education, brought no innovation into the Church of God, nor did they propose a temporary expedient to meet the passing needs of an ignorant class from which they had gathered followers. From the very earliest times the church has engaged in the work of education. In the schools of the primitive church the most illustrious of the Fathers saw service. The Sixth General Council at Constantinople directed the presbyters to establish schools in all towns and villages.

Has the church pursued a folly through the

centuries? Has a work been undertaken which might as well have been left to other hands? Was Mr. Wesley—whose “genius for organization,” it has been said, “was equal to that of Richelieu.”—laying upon his poor followers an unnecessary burden when he established the Kingswood school? Have all the General Conferences for a century repeated his blunder by enjoining upon the Methodists educational tasks required by no necessity of the church, no duty to the world, and no principle of the gospel? Are the eight hundred and seventy-five day-schools of the Wesleyan Methodists in England, with all their colleges and theological institutions, monuments to sectarian bigotry and pride? Are the sixty-five Methodist colleges in the United States, not to speak of our two hundred Methodist schools for secondary instruction, the product of priestcraft and the instruments of partisanship?

What would be the effect on our civilization if all these schools were closed? What would be our condition to-day if they had never been opened? Let men who decry them consider these questions. Let Christian men who neglect them reflect upon these things.

Not to maintain these schools suitably is much the same as closing them. If the schools of the church remain weak and poor while secular insti-

tutions are being strengthened and enriched, Christian education will be first belittled, then abandoned. It is no good sign of the times that the Leland Stanford University, with its secularizing tendencies, is richer than all the Christian colleges west of the Mississippi River combined. Thus entrenched, no wonder its President rails at denominational colleges through the columns of the *Popular Science Monthly*, while all the hosts of the secularists rejoice and the Philistines shout their applause.

If this work of Christian education can be done as well by any other agent as by the church, if the State or private persons can do it as well, let the church come out of it. She has plenty to do that nobody else can do. Let her sell her educational plants and put the money in Foreign Missions, for example.

But if, on the contrary, no one can do the work of Christian education as well as the church, if no one can impart the spiritual quality to education by which alone it can be saved from becoming a malign and dangerous force, let the church be up and about this urgent business. It is a matter which can not wait. The secular forces are not waiting, and unchristian education means ruin to both church and State. Very little is too much of it.

Christian men must thoroughly equip genuinely Christian institutions. This will require much money in a country in which unchristian schools (not to say anti-Christian schools) count their possessions by millions and their incomes by hundreds of thousands. The schools of the church must be able to offer educational opportunities as good as the best to the children of the church. Christian culture must not be identified with meagre instruments of instruction and a low grade of scholarship. It must represent the highest, as well as the purest, learning. Otherwise it will provoke only contempt, and will degrade the Christianity whose name it bears. Nothing can be more injurious to the work of the church than drawing its youth into inefficient schools, while the learning that is without God is imparted by the power of great endowments and perfectly equipped establishments. When such is the case some of its children will learn to despise Christianity as an ignorant and vulgar thing, while others will go forth wholly unprepared for the conflicts which the secular learning of the time will thrust upon them. Failure to give to the institutions of the church resources, adequate to withstand the strong competition of wealthy and worldly colleges, is to damage our youth and discredit Christian education. It is

to dishonor, and in a measure to destroy, the only education that is safe, for both church and state. Let the denominational colleges, therefore, be enriched in keeping with the importance of the great work which they are called upon to do, and then let them be held faithfully to the Christian service they are designed to render.

All the schools of the church ~~must~~ be in fact, as in name, genuinely Christian. This matter is too great and too grave to be trifled with. There is no room here for shams. The church must not permit any institution not genuinely Christian to live upon its treasury and fatten upon its patronage. For a school to wear the garb of the church that it may secure the gifts of the consecrated is a species of simony far worse than all sins of secularism. For the church to allow such a sin in its name is to approve the crime of getting money under false pretences, and wink at an offense as profane as the gluttony and covetousness of Hophni and Phinehas. Every ~~one of~~ ~~our schools~~ must be able to stand up and in the name of the Lord give a Christian's account of itself when men demand of it "What do you more than others?" The times call for Christian culture, not ecclesiastical establishments.

Long as the church by delay has neglected her duty concerning this great and urgent interest,

there is time yet to retrieve much that has been lost and save all that is now imperiled. The great common-school system can be saved from secularism by pouring through all its veins and arteries the religious influences of our Christian colleges if we will only make these colleges strong enough to educate most of the teachers of the common schools. Christian men have it in their power (in their purses) to make our colleges thus strong.

The young life of the Republic to-day lies in the lap of the church. Will she dare say to any secular agent whatsoever: "Take this child and nurse it for me?" It is this the Lord says to her. It is a high trust. It can not be delegated to an other without disobedience to her King.

## XV.

### ANOTHER CHRISTIAN COLLEGE IN THE SOUTH.

(An address delivered at the Dedication of the Agnes Scott Institute, a Presbyterian college for women at Decatur, Ga., Nov. 12, 1891.)

My Friends: I rejoice with you to-day in the dedication of this Christian college, founded by a great-hearted man to perpetuate the memory of a Christian mother, and to educate Christian mothers for the future. I am sure I fairly represent the church to which I belong when I say, nearly, if not quite, 150,000 Methodists in Georgia salute you to-day with words of congratulation and thanksgiving. Georgians of every denomination, and of no denomination, rejoice with you, and their joy would be even greater if they apprehended more fully the significance of this occasion.

What do we here to-day? We dedicate another Christian college in the South. Such a fact means much.

Prior to the war between the States, the South had more children in college than any other section of the Union had. But the war, that fell destroyer and archdemon of evil, closed our colleges, dis-

persed their patronage, destroyed buildings and endowments, and left most of our people too poor to do anything for the rehabilitation of our prostrated institutions. Worst of all, from our poverty and other conditions resulting from the war, many of our people conceived a passion for wealth and a hunger for mere material prosperity which has led them to ignore, if not despise, higher education.

And so it has come to pass, from having been the foremost patrons of learning in the country, the Southern people have become the hindmost.

New England has one college for every four thousand square miles of her territory and five dollars' worth of college property for every man, woman and child within her borders; while the South—meaning by the word, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas—has only one college for every seven thousand square miles of territory, and one dollar's worth of college property per capita for all her people. The average New England boy or girl, by reason of superior wealth, can afford to go twice as far to college as the Southern boy or girl; but as it is, the New Englander has only about half as far to go as the Southerner to reach his college, and on arrival



finds it five times as well equipped. Massachusetts alone, which is about one-sixth as large as Georgia, and has ninety thousand less children to educate, has college endowments exceeding in value all the endowments in the South by a million dollars; and little Rhode Island, whose area is contained in that of Texas over two hundred times—so small that if it were lost in Texas the services of a land-surveyor would be required to find it—has college property valued at more than half a million dollars above the total value of all the college property in the Lone Star State.

And great as is this inequality, it is daily growing greater. Of bequests and gifts to colleges and universities in the United States during 1890, institutions north of Mason's and Dixon's line received more than the entire value of every sort of college property in the South. The amounts received by the institutions of Massachusetts alone during last year aggregated considerably more than was received by all the Southern colleges during the same period. The Leland Stanford Jr. University, with its many thousands of acres of land and immense endowment, is alone worth more than all the college plants in the Southern States. And thus it appears we are falling behind even the West in educational enterprise.

It is well to look these facts squarely in the face and set about at once remedying the evil which they suggest. It avails nothing to plead our poverty as an offset to them. To offer explanations of them and excuses for them does no good. That is an easy but very unprofitable task. Explanations and excuses can save our reputation only. But that does not greatly need saving. We should be most concerned to save the generation of boys and girls now about us, clamoring for the opportunities of a college course. To-day is the day of their salvation. To-morrow will be too late, for they will soon pass the age of pupilage and when that is gone it is gone forever. To save them to the purposes of educated, Christian manhood and womanhood, we must rely upon something more substantial than plausible explanations of our poverty and fair excuses for our illiberality. Nothing will answer for this great work but cold cash and warm consecration.

Because I believe the munificence which founds this admirable institution marks the beginning of a new era in the history of education in Georgia, if indeed I may not say a new era in the history of education in the South, I rejoice in this hour with joy unspeakable. The Scotts and Pattillos and Harrises are harbingers of a brighter and better day in this commonwealth. Their

example will be contagious, and from them others will learn the high art of giving good gifts to colleges for the glory of God and the blessing of men. The sight of such men is an inspiration. The sight of a man who founds such an institution as this is so refreshing and in the South so uncommon, I am tempted to ask our generous friend and brother to stand up and let us look at him, and see what manner of man is he who believes it better to invest money largely for the elevation of the race than to retain it for the gratification of himself—who finds his chief gratification in giving. A man who can do such a thing without dying and while still in the flesh is a most uncommon person. As great a man as the late Mr. Tilden was capable of only post-mortem benevolence. He made an assault with intent to give five millions of dollars to a public charity, but died in the act, and his relations have since interposed to prevent such a deed of violence against the peace and dignity of mammond. But here is a man, still in life, of sound mind and memory, and many years this side of the grave (we fondly hope) giving away thousands. It is a most uncommon and glorious spectacle.

But I know his modesty and forbear, for he is like the first king of Israel, not only in that he is

head and shoulders above his fellows, but also in that when the people are most inclined to honor him, he is found "hiding in the stuff." Saul was a king of inches but one who does a deed of benevolence like this, the completion of which we witness, is every inch a king. In Europe, kings and princes have delighted to establish and endow institutions of learning. In this country we must look for such high service, not to men of regal birth but of royal souls, and with the unconstrained loyalty of grateful hearts we do reverence this day to the princely man by whose generosity this Christian school is planted. The crown which a loving people places upon his brow will provoke no enmity and bring no anxieties and it

"Shall new luster boast

When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems  
Shall blend in common dust."

While I rejoice at this dawning of a better day in Georgia, I am especially glad that this is to be a Christian school. One of the most hopeful facts in the present history of the United States, is that the higher education—and especially that of women—is for the most part in the hands of the churches, and is likely to remain there. Of the 384 colleges and universities in our country,

288 belong to the churches, and of the 89,000 students in these colleges, there are over 70,000 in the denominational colleges.

Moreover, these religious colleges will ultimately become the richest and best equipped educational institutions on the continent. Many of them are so already, and every year will witness progress in this direction. Colleges and universities must depend in the main upon private benevolence for their equipment and endowment, and the vast accumulations of consecrated Christian industry will in the future be dedicated to the enrichment of Christian schools. The wealth of these United States is in Christian hands, and the motives which lead to its distribution for benevolent purposes are inspired and influenced by Christian instruction and creed. It must follow, therefore, that most of such benevolence will be bestowed in the future upon Christian institutions. Neutral or negative institutions cannot reasonably expect such support. And this is well. It guarantees the permanence of such gifts and insures the best results from them. The church of God never dies. States rise and fall; policies based on the popular will fluctuate with the caprice of the masses, personal and private enterprises perish with their projectors, but the church of God goes on forever! And he who

places in her hands the administration of His gifts appoints an executor who is immortal, and to whom is given the promises of divine guidance, and the pledges of divine favor "as long as the sun and moon endure throughout all generations."

~~Furthermore, for doing the work designed to be accomplished by a college, the church, of all institutions, is the best fitted.~~ Most students who secure a collegiate education must spend four years away from home. The religious influence of the home is thus withdrawn, or operates at best under the great disadvantage of distance, during the most critical years of life. During these years, opinions are formed, habits contracted and passions aroused which determine the character of all after life. It is indispensable at such a period, if the student is to come forth at the end of the four years a Christian, that for the home influence which has been withdrawn there shall be substituted, in the college, the most emphatic and distinct religious influence. In a republic like ours, where church and state are widely and wisely separated, such a definite religious instruction cannot be had elsewhere than in a denominational college. Doctrinal vagueness and ethical generalities are not sufficient to curb youthful passions, form youthful opinions and control

youthful habits, as is necessary at such a time. An ambiguous faith and an indefinite instruction are not reliable securities against the perils which beset a boy or girl at college. Guizot said: "In order to make education truly good and socially useful it must be fundamentally religious. It is necessary that it should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts." ~~All this I~~ ~~steadfastly believe,~~ and I am glad this school is to be a denominational school—a Christian school—for outside the churches there is no Christianity, worth speaking of, in this or any other land.

It is well for the people that the higher education of this country should be in the hands of the churches. ~~As I see it,~~ <sup>the</sup> church must control with her authority and permeate with her influence the higher education of this great nation, or irreligion will become the mark of intelligence, and ignorance the badge of piety among the people. If this should ever be the case, godlessness would become the fashion, and holiness the jest of the people, and modish vice would laugh obsolete virtue out of countenance. Ichabod might then be written upon all our institutions, for our glory and greatness will have passed

away forever, if such a condition of things shall ever take place. Against the approach of such direful possibilities, an institution like this stands as a fortress of heaven, and he who establishes such an institution works a deed both of patriotism and piety, for which all men should be grateful. You [addressing Colonel George W. Scott, the founder of the Institute] owe the public no apologies for placing this memorial of your devotion under the direction of the church of your faith and love—the church which blessed with its benign ministrations your ancestry, and which will remain to guide with her instructions the footsteps of your posterity. You are rather entitled to the thanks of the entire Christian community that at the very outset you give to the Agnes Scott Institute a definite, strong, religious character. Let him who will, caricature it with the bad epithet “sectarian.” For one, I thank God, a Presbyterian has made a Presbyterian college which is not to be molluscan in the pulpy vagueness of its instruction, but which, vertebrated with a definite faith, will walk uprightly before God and man, bearing the burdens and doing the work which only an institution thus organized can endure.

It is proper that this ceremony should be enacted in the presence of the reverend fathers and



brethren of the Presbyterian Church in Georgia met in Synod. Let this institution be baptized amid their benedictions and prayers, and if it shall serve to make the church of Knox and Edwards and Alexander and Hodge and Thornwell stronger in this section of the country, it will make this a better land to live in, and will merit the favor of all good men.

Finally, I rejoice that a mother in Israel, whose unwearied ministries, unseen and unsung of men, produced such a son, is honored, through his devotion, by such a monument. By it, the name of Agnes Scott will be carried down to the latest posterity. Unborn thousands will enshrine that name in their hearts, and rise up to call her blessed. That name will be entwined among the school-day memories of thousands of girls who in the years to come will tarry here awhile, and go hence thanking God they ever knew such a place. And when they have grown old they will whisper to children's children in accents low and loving the precious name of Agnes Scott.

In the shadow of the monument, erected to the memory of this sainted woman, my mind reverts to the words of Robertson of Brighton, concerning the monumental work of the Egyptian princess who cared for the infant Moses. He says: "In those days the Pharaohs of Egypt raised their memorials in the enduring stone of

the pyramids, which still remain almost untouched by time. A princess of Egypt raised her memorial in a human spirit, and just so far as spirit is more enduring than stone, just so far is the work of that princess more enduring than the work of the Pharaohs; for when the day comes when the pyramids shall be crumbled into nothingness and ruin, then shall the spirit of the laws of Moses still remain interwoven with the most hallowed of human institutions. So long as the spirit of Moses influences this world, so long shall her work endure, the work of the royal-hearted lady who adopted this Hebrew orphan child."

Ah! when one builds a monument like this—a school which instructs and inspires human spirits—he builds a monument which time can not corrode or destroy, he builds a monument before which the fleeting years pause in passing, to write ever new inscriptions of honor and praise. How holy, how almost divine is the toil by which is secured the means to build such a monument! The homeliest business is transfigured by it. The merchandise by which such gain is got is exalted almost to the level of worship. Why, sir, as I have thought of how you were using the fruit of your labor for the blessing of men and the spread of the truth, your vocation has become suffused with a poetic radiance—an

epic significance. I have thought of you as joining hands with the Almighty power, which, thousands of years ago in preparing this world for the habitation of men, slew hecatombs of beasts and creeping things, and hid away their bones under the soil of Florida that those rich deposits might, in these distant centuries, so fertilize the earth as to soften the rigor of the decree of toil laid upon the sons of Adam, and multiply seed for the sower and bread for the eater.\* Thither you have gone and exhumed them and turned them into a vitalizing power which makes the harvest fields of the South to wave in double beauty and plenteousness. But it has not been enough for you to unearth hidden resources and quicken the fertility of all our fields. You have looked deeper than secret treasures, and wider than waving harvests, to find the meaning of life and the purposes of God in the ages which have gone before and the years which are yet to come. You have found in the soul of man the goal to which nature has tended from the beginning and with the rewards of your labor you have sought to develop the hidden resources of mind and to enhance the beauty of that fairest growth under Southern skies—Christian womanhood.

\*Alluding to the phosphate interests of Col. Scott, the founder of the Institute.

The fields bless such a man with their fragrance and fertility, the heavy-headed harvest nods in reverence as he passes by, the valleys rejoice and the little hills clap their hands. The prattling voice of childhood praises him and the faltering accents of the aged call his name in prayer. All nature blesses him. The heavens bend kindly above him, while from beyond the stars the voice of a sainted mother's approval comes softly falling down to mingle with the commendations of all good men and the benedictions of the Almighty Father which rest upon his head to-day.

God be merciful unto you and bless you and cause His face to shine upon you, guide you with His favor in the day-time and guard you with his faithfulness every night, establish the work of your hands upon you, and make His glory to appear unto your children.

## XVI.

### THE VALUE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

(An address delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Library of Emory College, April 26, 1897.)

This occasion marks an epoch in the history of Emory College. It is an index of present prosperity and the prophecy of better things to come.

It is a happy coincidence which unites the laying of this corner-stone with the observance of Memorial Day, when we honor the fallen heroes who loved their country well enough to die for it. We cannot pay better tribute to their memory than to strengthen the institutions by which their country is blessed. The public spirit and self-sacrifice which are implied by this work, begun and to be carried to completion by the gifts of the benevolent, is the persistence of that devotion which impelled them to die for their native land. And this day set apart to the memory of the heroic dead is but a hollow mockery if it fail to inspire the living to those deeds of unselfishness by which are won the victories of peace "no less renowned than war's." Hateful is the

selfishness which cannot be dissolved by the sunshine of such a day. Incurable is the greed which cannot be won from the thoughts and devices of its avarice by the inspirations which are brought by such a day—a day when the living find the altars of their consecration by the sepulchres of departed patriots. No sordid motives can have place in our bosoms while our hands scatter the flowers upon the graves of men who counted not life itself dear when their country called.

Our country calls us also. There is in the civilization peculiar to the South elements which it were treason to our country—to our whole country and to all mankind—to allow to perish. The South is the home of the purest Americanism to be found in the Union. The religious, social and political ideas of our section must be endowed that they may be enforced and preserved. Here evangelical piety rests with implicit faith in the teachings of the old Bible, and on Sabbaths, still kept sacred with old-fashioned reverence, it worships the God of the fathers of the Republic. Here local self-government stretches its benign protection over Christian homes in which devout women adorn themselves after the manner of the holy women of old, and in meekness and quietness of spirit rule a sacred realm which they would not exchange for any public place or civil

power. A civilization permeated by such ideas cannot be permitted to pass away. It must be preserved. It must be defended by a culture congruous with its own elevated spirit. If it be identified with ignorance it will be first despised and then renounced. The men and the women, therefore, who devote their means and their efforts to building up institutions of learning, are fortifying the civilization so dear to those who have gone before us, and are garrisoning it with forces able to resist the aggressive innovations which are assailing genuine Americanism on every side. We fight against great odds, for our section is far behind others in the matter of educational defenses. But whatever may be the odds against us we must not fail. This cause must not be lost.

Our educational plants are especially deficient in the instruments of culture found in great libraries. Our public libraries are few and meagerly furnished. For example, the case of Emory College in this particular could hardly be matched in any other section. Here is an institution of learning, sixty years old, whose influence has blessed our land with every form of social, civil and religious benefit. Its benign influence has been felt to the uttermost parts of the earth. And yet this old and honored college has never had a

building for its books. But this occasion shows that at last some of our people are beginning to feel the importance of this great interest.

Large collections of books are at once the depositories and the generators of learning and literature. Bringing together the accumulated fruits of the genius and toil of other ages and other lands, as well as the products of our own land and time, they create the taste and supply the tools for literary effort in every department of thought. Connected with colleges, where the young and gifted are gathered, they furnish both the objects and instruments of study, and keep alive that generous enthusiasm in the cause of good letters, without which no people ever accomplished anything permanently great.

Diodorus Siculus tells us that an ancient King of Egypt founded at Memphis the first library the world ever saw, and over its entrance carved the famous inscription, "The Dispensary of the Mind." This inscription of the ancient Egyptian ruler contains no extravagant valuation of books. His estimate is reaffirmed by the poet Crabbe, who says:

"Here come the grieved a change of thought to  
find,

The curious here to feed a craving mind;  
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose  
And here the poet meets his favoring muse."



Another has said, "No possession can surpass or even equal a good library to the lover of books. Here are treasured up for his daily use and delectation riches which increase by being consumed and pleasures which never cloy." Carlyle goes so far as to affirm that "the true university of these days is a collection of books," and Sir Francis Bacon declares, "Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."

More than by arms or statecraft the Ptolemies perpetuated their influence and their fame by the Alexandrian Library. The Caliph Omar, by whose order that inestimable treasury of ancient learning was destroyed, is infamous forever by reason of that act of barbarism. Jehoiakim, who burned Jeremiah's roll, Omar who destroyed the treasures which the Ptolemies had accumulated, and Diocletian who sought to destroy the sacred books of the Christians, are companions in a shame which was beneath even Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens; for even that monster enriched his native city with a library.

The men and women of means in our country who withhold aid from an enterprise like this have not attained to the enlightenment of that despot. The fanaticism of Omar and Diocletian

destroyed because they knew not the value of books. The fanatical covetousness of our merchant princes withhold them from the public while professing to know what blessings books contain. But thank God the plain people are beginning to interest themselves in these things. The subscribers to the building fund by which this library is erected number above 1,300, and most of them are people of small means. Sewing women and little children have sent their contributions, and upon the multitude of our people who are rich in faith, though poor in purse, we rely for its completion.

From the first Emory College has been the especial care of the pious poor. A few rich men, who, amid the comforts of wealth, have still maintained that poverty of spirit which secures entrance to the kingdom of Heaven, have helped forward the work. Let the Methodists of Georgia hold in grateful remembrance forever the generosity of George I. Seney, who rescued from the deepest distress, if not from death, this institution of our love. Nor will we forget the gifts of Hemphill and Day, Pearce and Chamberlin, Winship and Williams, Harris and Emory's most generous son, the present chairman of the Board of Trustees, William P. Pattillo.

But these generous men of means will bear

me witness that the small gifts of the poor, especially the gifts of itinerant preachers, have been most constant and liberal.

A college sustained by such a constituency can never perish. Emory College is made deathless because encompassed by arms of love. God and God's common people have loved it from its foundation, and so it has lived through poverty and panics and war, and will live to bless our children and our children's children to the remotest generation.

This beautiful building will be followed by others. Not many years hence a noble chapel will take the place of the present small structure. A greater Science Hall will rise. The old campus which has waited these years the touch of the landscape gardener will bloom in beauty and brightness. Adequate endowments will fill these halls with large faculties, rich in learning and strong in faith.

In that good time coming, Few and Pierce and Haygood, who in their days carried crushing burdens and endured consuming toils that the college might live, will see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied.

Oh, that I might be spared to see it! If only dying could bring it at once to pass, right gladly would I make my bed beside my little ones who

sleep in the village cemetery, and heaven's joys would be heightened by the knowledge that all the needs of the dear old college had at last been fully met.

Oh, that God would satisfy us early with His mercy, that we might rejoice and be glad, that His work might appear unto His servants and His glory unto their children, that his beauty might rest upon us, and the work of our hands be established!

## XVII.

### THE COMMON SCHOOLS AND THE COMMON PEOPLE.

(An address delivered before the Southern Educational Association assembled in Louisville, Ky., July 13, 1893.)

Thomas Carlyle says: "This I call tragedy that there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge."

This is indeed tragedy. If one who might have seen loses sight, or if one who might have walked is lamed for life, we call it tragedy. How much more tragic is it for the mind to remain in darkness and for faculties to be crippled!

But this sad tragedy is enacted so often among us it has ceased to make the impression of tragedy. Even its victims do not realize the extent of their injury. The newspapers do not report it among their "crimes and casualties." Statesmen, who would be aroused to intense interest and energetic action by an overflow of the Mississippi, or by the presence of cholera, observe thousands struggling in waves of ignorance and tens of thousands perishing for lack of knowledge, and are not greatly moved by the sight. All the people witness this tragedy from day to

day and from year to year without comprehending the destruction of mind and the blight of life going on before them.

Nowhere in the English-speaking world perhaps is this tragedy of more frequent occurrence than in the South, and nowhere in the South is it more common than in our "sparsely settled communities." This is true not because our people are sinners above all that dwell in Christendom, but because our difficulties are greater and our resources smaller. The population of the South is composed of two distinct and unmixable races, one not rich and the other very poor, widely scattered over territory equal to about one-fourth the area of Europe, or one-fifth of the national domain of the United States. The expansion of this statement brings out all the perplexing factors of our difficult school problem, and the solution of that problem would be discovered to-day, if a perfect answer could be formed to the question assigned to this hour: "How to make common schools efficient, especially in sparsely settled communities."

Most of the people of the South live outside of all incorporated villages, towns and cities, and the common-school question of the South is in the main, how to make country schools efficient.

Take, for example, my own State of Georgia.

She has of children between five and eighteen years of age (the period which in this discussion we will call the "school age") about 650,000, and not less than 500,000 of them are "country children." Her school problem is far more difficult than that of Massachusetts, a State the area of which is only about one-seventh that of Georgia, but whose total population exceeds that of Georgia by the difference between 2,238,943 and 1,837,353 souls. The State of Massachusetts with 400,000 more inhabitants than Georgia, has a school population of 130,000 less than Georgia. (The children of Georgia do not get old as fast as the children of Massachusetts, or else the Georgians have more children. Boston culture seems not to bring the blessing pronounced upon him "who hath his quiver full of them.")

Moreover, the assessed valuation of real and personal property in Massachusetts was, in 1890, \$962 per capita, while in Georgia it was but \$205; nor does this take into account non-taxable bonds of which Massachusetts has many and Georgia has few. Furthermore, Georgia must provide separate schools for the races if either race is educated, as Massachusetts would also have to do if her negro population, instead of being only about one in one hundred, as it is,

were forty-seven in one hundred, as it is in Georgia.

Leaving out of consideration for a while the relative wealth of the two States, let us state the case in another form. Massachusetts, with an area of only about 8,000 square miles, has a school population of 520,000; while Georgia, with an area of 58,000 square miles, has a school population of 650,000. It appears, therefore, that Massachusetts has on an average sixty-five children of school age to every square mile of her territory, while Georgia has only eleven, six of whom are whites and five of whom are blacks. Massachusetts can make her school districts of the area of only one square mile, and have on an average in each district enough children to give an enrollment of not less than fifty pupils with an average daily attendance of thirty-five; while Georgia must make a school district of the area of six square miles to secure an equal attendance if she should educate the races together, or a school district of eleven square miles, if the races are separated and her schools for whites have an equal constituency with the white schools of Massachusetts. But it is manifest the school enrollment and average daily attendance must be in inverse proportion to the distance of the chil-



dren from the schoolhouse, and if there is but one schoolhouse to every district of eleven square miles, many of the children must be at too great a distance to avail themselves of school privileges.

When, therefore, Georgia, with her 7,500 teachers, secures an enrollment of 381,000 with an average daily attendance of 240,000, she has accomplished a far more difficult task than that which Massachusetts has accomplished when with 10,500 teachers she secures an enrollment of 376,000, with an average daily attendance of 278,000. Nor is this conclusion materially affected by the statement that Georgia's schools run only 100 days, while the schools of Massachusetts continue 170. Massachusetts is better able to pay 10,500 teachers for 170 days' service than Georgia is to pay 7,500 teachers for 100 days' labor.

In this discussion I have considered the case of Georgia because of that I am naturally better informed than of the case of any other State. But the condition of Georgia is very like that of all the Southern States. The difficulties are the same in all, and the solution of Georgia's difficulties would be a solution of the school problem of the entire South.

In all of the South — meaning by the

word Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and Tennessee—we have an area of about 875,000 square miles, with a total population of 21,006,888; a school population of 7,250,000; an enrollment of 4,500,000; an average daily attendance of 3,900,000, and about 100,000 teachers. The children of school age in the South make 33 per cent. of the population, though the children of school age in the entire Union are only 30 per cent of the population and in New England only 23 percent. Many rich adults with few children on a small area have a school problem of far easier solution than that which confronts few adults of moderate means with many children scattered over a wide territory.

To put a school on every square mile of her territory, as Massachusetts can do now with her 10,500 teachers and only 8,000 square miles of area, the South must increase the number of her teachers from 100,000 to 875,000. To put a teacher for the children of each race on every square mile of her territory, the South must increase the number of her teachers to 1,750,000, or about one-twelfth of her entire population must turn to teaching. Her teachers would be an army

five times as large as her combined forces in the field at any time during the war between the States—an army which her resources could not long sustain.

The facts and figures brought forward in the foregoing remarks serve the double purpose of forestalling ungenerous criticism of our common schools by others, and of disclosing to ourselves our difficulties and the remedy for them. They show how widely our toiling, brave people are scattered, and how many thousands of our little children must pine in isolation and die ignorant, despite our best endeavors for their relief.

When a Christian reflects on these hard facts he has no disposition for censorious criticism. His heart instinctively appeals in earnest supplication to the Good Shepherd, who leaves the ninety-and-nine sheltered by the fold, and goes to seek with anxious care the stray lamb upon the mountains. He remembers with comfort how the Master one day "when He saw the multitudes, was moved with compassion for them because they were tired and lay down and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd."

The difficulty with our common schools, "especially the schools of sparsely settled communities," is twofold: The lack of (1) enough teachers, and (2) the lack of better teachers.

1. We need more teachers. The facts which we have been considering drive us to the conclusion that many children are too far from the schools to be enrolled, much less to attend regularly. Many others who have been enrolled attend at great disadvantage, and hence with great irregularity. A rain which raises the water in "the creek," a snow which fills the highway, and a hundred other things common to country life, combine with distance to make the school of little or no profit to those who live furthest from it—the very class who perhaps most need instruction. Teachers and pupils alike are discouraged by the enforced irregularities; the teacher becomes careless because care does no good; the pupil is more confused than enlightened by such flashes of knowledge as reach him at the intervals of his attendance; and by and by the teacher is without a pupil and the pupil without a teacher, and the school closes. The teacher goes to another place and a new teacher comes to run the same course of vain effort, intolerable discouragement and inevitable defeat.

For this difficulty it is clear there is but one remedy. The engine is too far from the work to be done. The motive power, the schools, must be brought nearer. To do this we must have many schools, and perforce, they must be small

schools. A number of small schools, however feeble and insignificant they may appear, are more effective in the present condition of our section than a few large schools far removed from many of the pupils and irregularly attended.

We cannot hope to place schools as near together as they may be placed in New England. Our army of teachers, after we have done the best we can and have recruited their ranks to the fullest extent of our ability, must still fight as the Confederate forces fought at Petersburg, with a thin line of battle and barely in call of each other. It will tax our resources to bring them within calling distance, and some will regard even a moderate proposal to increase their numbers as an unreasonable demand. But the demand must be made for doubling the force, and we must endure with patience the impatience of those who resist this demand. We cannot teach with only 100,000 teachers, 7,250,000 children, scattered over an area of 875,000 square miles. To state this proposition is to prove it.

The South kept in the field during a four years' bloody war upwards of 300,000 men. We must keep in the common school at least 200,000 teachers during the next decade. There is more

involved in this war than was involved in the conflict between the States, and it will cost not one-tenth as much to carry it on. To keep 200,000 teachers in our common schools will mean doubling the number of schools and doubling our school appropriations. Georgia must have 15,000 teachers instead of 7,500; Kentucky must have 18,000 instead of 9,000. All the rest must double their force. In the long run a large force is cheaper than a small one. An insufficient force leaves always an increasing weight of ignorance to be lifted and a diminishing power of productive intelligence with which to raise it; while a large force diminishes the burden to be elevated and multiplies the power which brings it up. Teachers do not cost as much as soldiers nor as much as policemen. Schoolhouses cost less than saloons; education costs less than ignorance.

2. We need, not only more, but also better teachers in our common schools, if these schools are to be efficient, "especially in sparsely settled communities."

I bring no railing accusation against our common-school teachers. Among them are many of the most patriotic men and heroic women who ever toiled and suffered and died to bless man in any age or land. All of them are as good as our

short-term schools and short-pay salaries will permit.

Our system of short terms and small pay must inevitably operate to drive out of the schoolroom the best qualified and retain the least competent teachers. A three or five months school, in the nature of the case, cannot be a good school for even that brief period. No really qualified man or woman can afford to make a profession of any employment which supplies work for less than half the year. A teacher, like other people, must live twelve months in the year, and if his school lasts only three or five months, his main engagement must be something else than teaching, and the work of the schoolroom become a mere "side line." To get the best teachers the salary of a common-school teacher must be equal to a year's support, and if we pay a year's salary there is no good reason why we should not get eight or nine months' good work for it. Many of the children, it is true, may not be able to attend for the full term, but some of them will be able to do so, and if others can only attend three months, it is all the more needful that they should meet good teachers in the schools when they can attend. As I have before said, good teachers cannot be had without long-term schools and long-term salaries.

Some have fallen into the mistake of suppos-

ing that we can improve the grade of our common-school teachers by the endowment of normal colleges and the like, without increasing the appropriations to our common schools. This is a delusion which we should dismiss without delay. If we could restrain the advancing years, as Joshua made the sun to stand still, so that the present generation of children should grow no older while waiting for their teachers to be trained, and if all the while the normal colleges and all other colleges were turning out graduates by the thousands, we could not draw these qualified men and women into the common schools when the machinery was again set in motion unless we paid them living salaries. On the other hand, if our colleges were to turn out no more graduates for the next ten years, and we should raise the salaries in the common schools to the level of a decent living, we would secure for most of the schools competent instructors. There is not a school in the South offering a respectable salary which does not, in the case of a vacancy, have more applicants than it knows what to do with. But capable men and women will turn to other employment rather than enter schools which do not give teachers a living. The more capable we make our college graduates the more surely will



they go into other lines of labor, as long as the pay of teachers in common schools is less than the salaries of dry-goods clerks and baseball pitchers.

And be it remembered, that small salaries hurt the schools for whites far more than they do the schools for blacks. Negro colleges, richly endowed by Northern benevolence, are turning out many graduates. Coming out of these colleges most of them cannot enter the law, medicine and other such professions by reason of the prejudices of their own race, as well as by the attitude of the white people. They are excluded from merchandise by lack of capital. They must enter upon manual labor or teach school. An ill-paid school will bring them greater remuneration than manual labor. Most of them, therefore, teach, and will do so with or without increased appropriations to common schools. But with white graduates, to whom all the professions are open, it is not so. Most of them, and the best of them, will not teach in the common schools without living salaries, which provide a year's support.

In this connection, I venture to suggest that the salary system is better than the per diem system for paying teachers. The great law of supply and demand which operates in all business (teaching as well as the rest) can then work out

the much-to-be desired result of providing good schools for both races. A competent negro teacher can be had for a smaller salary than a competent white teacher. This fact is ignored by the per diem system, and by consequence the negro schools often receive more than is necessary to secure competent negro teachers, while the white schools receive less than is necessary to secure competent white teachers. By the salary system school authorities may so divide the funds as to secure competent teachers for the schools of both races. If any are disposed to draw back from this suggestion as if some horrible injustice toward the negro teachers were proposed, the remembrance of two facts will be sufficient to relieve their minds. 1. School salaries are not paid to endow teachers, but to improve schools, and are to be fixed solely with reference to providing the greatest number of good teachers for all the schools. 2. The white people pay most of the school taxes, and it is surely but simple justice that their money should be so expended as to secure good schools for their own children rather than to provide salaries for negro teachers above an amount necessary to secure for the negro schools competent instructors. There is surely no good reason in morals or in sound public policy for making white schools poorer than they might be in order to pay need-

less salaries to negro teachers without improving the negro schools.

Our common-school appropriations must be increased, and when increased they must be administered so as to give living salaries for eight months' schools, for both whites and blacks. This will give us more and better teachers.

3. There is yet one other method by which our common schools can be made more efficient. Our people live too far apart. They must come together in farm villages. The isolated farm life which we see all around us is without parallel among any of the civilized nations of Europe or Asia, and our common schools can never reach their best estate while it continues.

The multitudes for whom Jesus felt compassion knew nothing of the isolation which our country people endure. They lived in cities and villages and went out to their work. In Galilee alone in the days of the Master, it is claimed by some authorities, there were 200 towns of 10,000 inhabitants and upwards. The same mode of life has prevailed in Europe from the most ancient times. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors on the banks of the Elbe lived within enclosures which they called "tuns." These places secured them against enemies and provided for them social life as well, and from them they went to their daily toil. When they had emigrated to Britain their

manner of life was not essentially changed. The early settlers in our own country also, especially among the Puritans, lived somewhat after the same sort. Perils from the savages made them huddle together and forced upon them village life. The towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Northfield and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, are to this day notable examples of this kind of living—they remain communities of agriculturists. The old plantation system of our section operated to reverse all this, however, in the South. Homes were far apart; baronial domains stretched between neighbor and neighbor, and to this day, though the old plantations have been somewhat broken up into smaller farms, our people live too far apart and the loneliness of rural life becomes the fruitful source of untold evils.

It is difficult to maintain schools and churches with a population so widely scattered, and then sub-divided among several denominations. The helpless wives and daughters at great distance from their natural protectors, become fearful and unhappy, as they read from time to time of outrages of lust worse than death. By consequence the country homes are often sold and agricultural pursuits are abandoned by the people most competent to administer such estates, while habitations and employment are sought in

some neighboring towns or cities where the family is secure, and churches and schools flourish.

The people who cannot abandon the country are thus left, by their more fortunate neighbors, more widely separated than before, with perils proportionately increased and churches and schools weaker than ever. It is evident that if this process is long continued it must beget the most distressing economic, social, moral and religious conditions. Our people must be encouraged and helped to come nearer together.

Such a work, it is true, will bring many difficulties, but it will overcome far more difficulties than it will create. We cannot expect some old homes to be readily abandoned, nor aged persons to forsake the places where for years their altar fires have burned, where they have met joy and sorrow, where ten thousand memories gather, and ten thousand tender affections hold them.

But the young who are making new homes can be induced to make them close together, and the church and schoolhouse should be made the rallying centers around which these homes are set up. If as many as a dozen families, or even a less number, can be induced to come together, a nucleus will be formed which will draw others in course of time. The long-term school will

follow; books and periodicals will be passed from hand to hand, and from home to home; lectures and concerts will elevate and inspire, and a bright, active, intelligent, happy social life will take the place of the present weary discontent and sterile isolation of our agriculturists.

Agriculture will not suffer from the change, but will be improved by the quickened intelligence, deeper contentment, and more joyous life of the people.

Our rural people are really a sad people. Witness the songs that they sing. If a hymn is announced at a country church, though its sentiment may be never so joyful, it is almost invariably sung to a sorrowful tune. Melancholy airs express the melancholy spirit of a people made sad by living too much alone. And thus solitariness impairs their productive power—hinders industry—and stupefies invention. How different all would be if a rich village life should take the place of the present social leanness among our country people!

With a brave, strong people dwelling in farm villages, surrounded by the cheerful scenes of a thrifty agriculture; their children learning in well-kept schools; their homes free from fears of rude assault, their churches glorified by simple faith and vocal with joyous songs; their social life

sweet and pure, this Southern land of ours would become beautiful as the garden of the Lord—the very gate of heaven.

With such scenes in mind, and thinking to-day of all that our section has been and wishing for my people the best things in all the years to come, I cannot make for the South a better prayer than that of Burns for Scotland in his “Cotter’s Saturday Night”:

“O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,  
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet  
content!  
And oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury’s contagion, weak and vile,  
Then, howe’er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while  
And stand a wall of fire around their much  
loved isle.”





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